Vol. II No. 12

THE DOUBLE DEALER

DECEMBER, 1921.

CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 234
SONGS OF AL SHALDOMIR.....*Lord Dunsany* 238
THE MAN WHO WAS LONELY.....*Henry Bellamann* 239
COLD .....*Cale Young Rice* 244
FOLLOW THE CAR IN FRONT.....*Stephen Ta Van* 245
TWO POEMS .....*Maxwell Bodenheim* 251
A FELLSIDE TRAGEDY.....*Hubert Crackanthorpe* 252
HUNGER INN .....*Jessica Nelson North* 256
THE FRENCH GENIUS IN ART.....*Maxwell Armfield* 257
PREFERENCE .....*Vivian Yeiser Laramore* 263
PRECURSORS .....*Henry McCullough* 264
AT ASAHI .....*Babette Deutsch* 266
FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY.....*N. Bryllion Fagin* 267
ALVISI CONTARINI.....*Arthur Symons* 270
NEW YORK LETTER.....*John V. A. Weaver* 271
UNQUIET .....*Walter McClellan* 275
KREYMBORG'S LETTER.....*Alfred Kreymborg* 276
SPIRIT OF ALL THINGS.....*Oscar Williams* 278
REVIEWS—
A FINNISH NOVEL.....*Beatrice Vaughan Dale* 279
THE DODO SAGA.....*Alice Sessums Leovy* 281
ANDIVIUS HEDULIO .....*Louis Gilmore* 283
A CITY IN THE FOREGROUND.....*Sumett Gawn* 284
A MISCELLANY OF AMERICAN POETRY.....*Adaline Katz* 284
RED EARTH .....*Sumett Gawn* 285
BOOKS RECEIVED 286
INDEX TO VOLUME TWO..... 287

Issued monthly by *The Double Dealer Publishing Co., Inc.*, 204 Baronne street, New Orleans, La. Yearly subscription, twelve months, two dollars and a half in advance; single copies, twenty-five cents. All contributions should be addressed to the Editors of *The Double Dealer*, with stamped, self-addressed envelopes for their return.

Entered as second-class matter January 31, 1921, at the Post Office at New Orleans, La., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1921, by *The Double Dealer Publishing Co., Inc.*

The
DOUBLE DEALER
".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

". . . the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

WHAT tragic irony stalks between these lines—what gusto of the gods—what taunt—what drollery! The glory that was Greece now aureoles the bootblacks of earth. The grandeur that was Rome rests on the fame of the nations' fruit vendors. Alexandria, Babylon, Nineveh, Troy, Pompeii, Athens, proud Rome, where are your sons today? Well may the moral-hound point his lesson. What a lesson it is! Drive it home, Cagliostro, sink it deep! Penetrate our pompous egos: we, the quick, the free, the brave; we, the monarchs of mundanity; we, the overlords of life—we too must fail.

Centuries lapse, aeons fade, cycles wheel. The moving finger pens its legend. A "heathen" era re-arrives. This planet as ever is old, but not older than is the wont of planets. Yet even planets fail, though ever so imperceptibly to their parasites. Earth's face, physically, remains quite the same with perhaps an indication here and there of a few more bumps, wrinkles, lines. Boundaries give way to boundaries, races to races, names to names, that is all. But where are Londontown and Paris? And where are Berlinburg and Manhattan? And where are the sons of London, Paris, Berlin and Manhattan? Tell us, Cagliostro, sink it deep. Where is the glory of Britain, the grandeur of America?

Alas, the one aureoles the flunkeys and butlers of the great Jap-African Dynasty; the other rests on the fame of yeggs and soda jerkers in the United Monarchies of Russ-Asia. Wherein there is victuals for thought and a sop to the vanities of vermin. Disarmament, civilization, unity, peace, the brotherhood of peoples! Bah, words, tall empty phrases! The Arabs' formula is all: "I, thou, these and this, alike will pass and pass, and be resolved within the crucibles of Time." The rest is macaroni.

* *

THE IMMORTAL BUFFOON.

DO you recall, Customers, the names Public Opinion gave Napoleon in the days when he made Europe tremble? Public Opinion called him brute—I think "abyssmal brute"—hellion, violator of helpless women, murderer of infants, Hun. Does Posterity believe all that about him? Not on your

photogravure! You and I, being part of Posterity as well as of Public Opinion, have made him hero; a glorious, silent man of battle; the father, who knew not his own child, but nonetheless the father, of a new firmly united France. He figures sternly in Posterity's text-books for growing children—Public Opinionettes. Do you remember in the early Seventeen Hundreds what Public Opinion, especially in Europe, saw in the American Colonies? A nest of revolutionists, anarchists, degenerates, bandits, assassins. Yet Posterity insists that the Colonies were the early flowering of the frail seed of Freedom, the hope of Europe, the hope of the world. What did and does Public Opinion think of Lincoln, the steamboat, the airplane, air raids, poison gas? What has, and what is Posterity going to think about them? This much be certain of, Customers: whatever Public Opinion thinks or thought about them, chances are Posterity didn't and *won't!* The chances are, for example, if past experience is a fair prophecy of future experience, that Posterity won't agree with Public Opinion about Woodrow Wilson; nor about—dare I whisper his name?—the well-known Kaiser; nor about Bolshevik Russia, any more than Posterity agreed with Public Opinion on colonial America.

Therefore, I am constrained, Customers, to suggest that we pause for a moment and laugh an amiable laugh at that much of ourselves which is Public Opinion. We are monstrous clever fellows, you and I, who can enjoy a joke. And where is there a more satisfactory joke than the spectacle of uninformed, mind-bound, Public Opinion, who after all these years ought to know better, strutting bumptiously about trying to make himself look like solemn erudite, periwigged Judge Posterity? And the cream of the jest is: the old Judge is dotty himself, and Public Opinion doesn't even suspect it!

* *

JAUNDICE AND THE JU-JUBE

IF one should ask me what I consider the vitalest humor bequeathed to *genus homo,* instanter, I should respond (were I given to persiflage) ill humor. But and because, one hasn't asked or may not ever ask, being, as I have been told, a pugnacious party not entirely displeased with his slant on things, I indite—bile. Bile, sometimes mistermed spleen, great, torvous, God-given bile!—to thee are indebted all of the do-fellows, the go-boys of the world.

It was thou who informed Archimedes, Cicero, Plato, Cato, Galileo, Erasmus, Pascal, Charlemagne, Descartes and Machiavelli. It was thou who put the punch in Elizabeth, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Ben Disraeli. It was thou who pushed the pen of Homer, Dante, Milton, Cervantes, Dean Swift, the Jo(h)nsons, Ben and Sam, A. Pope, and T. Carlyle. It was thou who wielded the mallet and chisel of Praxiteles and Phidias; the brush of Leonardo and Michelangelo; the burin of Blake and Hogarth; the sceptre of the Caesars. It was thou who embroidered the buckram of de Pompadour and Brummel. It is thou who make Popes, politicians, soldiers, statesmen, fops and financiers. It is thou who gird the athlete, preen the mummer, sting the poet, fire the lover,

gut the god. It is thou, by Zeus! who spin the very thread of life. Great bile!

This rhapsodical, or should I say? Boeotian period, though perhaps in your mind the jargon of a jackass, is not without meat to those who prefer their steak rather raw than well-done. Seriously, for by course the subject has a serious turn, my emotions attained this unnecessarily shrill pitch because of the increasingly distressing quantity of Polyanna propaganda which is being imposed upon a gullible public. Everywhere one goes one is confronted by the gargoyle of the grin-gospel. The daily papers, periodicals, street signs, shop windows, business offices, shine parlors, cigar stores, private homes—no place seems immune. Just yesterday while purchasing my daily dose of nicotine, my eye was brought down and my spleen up by this inspiring maxim; couched in wide red letters under the glass of the show case: "SMILE IT'S WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS AND IT DOESN'T COST A CENT." Did I smile, ask me?

Well, what's the trouble with us? What's the old world coming to? Where is our gall; where are our guts, our livers? Take Bunyan's tip: give over the grin for a day. Scowl at your man and see him cringe. Do you want something? Go out and get it. But don't go out and grin to get it. Go out, scowl, and demand it. If you don't get what you went for it isn't because you neglected to smirk at your man, it's simply because you lack bile. Junk Edgar A. Guest, Gene Stratton-Porter, and the Saccharine sisters. Take yourself over to the second-hand book dealers and purloin a copy of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" by way of antidote. Sounds like sales stuff from old man Schopenhauer.

Hell, fellow, this smile stuff's the bunk! Scowl at 'em, growl at 'em! Things have got to a sorry pass, when I am informed by no less an authority than Mr. Carter himself, that his famous liver pills are, at present, in as much demand as a post-bellum pfennig among Wall Street tippybobs. But the upshot of it is that bile, great, torvous god-given bile, seems gradually to have oozed out of us until most of us are becoming mere spineless, spleenless, smirking witlings. Laugh, guffaw, hoot, howl, bellow, pule, shout, shriek, grunt, but for the love of Mike and Minnie, leave off grinning!

WE VIEW WITH ALARM

"But after all it ain't you and it ain't me, and it ain't him and it ain't her. It's what you might call the fortunes of matterimony, for there ain't no other word for it."—Way of All Flesh.

APPARENTLY the only important contribution of the war to the progress of humanity—if we believe its termination to be the most important—is the rich opportunity it afforded to study love-letters. Before the war, love-letters were jewels, clandestinely but with dignity bestowed, to hide, to treasure. Those of us, still young and appreciative, who found in love-letters the most authentic conscious literary expression of the general, the sole art of the humble, the presentation of the facts of life seen through the prism of an emotion, knew only our own, and were fearful of viewing them impersonally for the profane purposes

of research. Consequently, we suspected no decadence in this formerly universal art. But the war shattered this illusion as it has shattered many others. Out of the war grew an unusual intimacy between men which could lead only, and did, to a callous indifference to the privacy of the *billet doux*. Love letters, opened, tossed-away and neglected, were as numerous in the camps of America and Europe as the sands of Time on the shores of Eternity—at least, approximately. Today, thanks to the war, we recognize, with something of pain, the deterioration of the love-letter. And those of us—editors, journalists, U. S. senators—who have our fingers on the very pulse of life, are convinced that what this country needs is not so much a good five-cent cigar, disarmament, open covenants openly arrived at, as a substantial, meat-and-potato love-letter, wrought in the stress of the noblest passion, crystal-tight in perhaps humble, but, nonetheless, vital phrases.

We seem to be conscious now that the art lies dead within us. One day, in a southern camp, I picked up six sheets of writing paper from a deserted table in a mess-shack, each of the sheets partly used. Over to the extreme right, on the first line of each sheet, was: "April 6"; starting at the left of the next line: "My own dearest little Eunice." Six times tried. To my unfamiliar eye the six different attempts differed not one iota, but to the discerning eye of the moribund artist which could catch the minutest shades of love in curve of pen-line, the difference shrieked.

I would like to have seen the seventh and, I hope, last attempt. Was it perfection of all that is beauty and love in flourish of pen? I think not. I think the writer made no seventh attempt. He gave up in ignominious failure, in disgust and shame because the willing spirit had dreamed some exquisite line or word or accent the weak flesh couldn't express. The tragedy of it! The artist with an emotion he can't for the life of him picture.

Miserably modern love-letters! With the possible exception of mine own. Twenty "dears" to the page and as many "sweethearts." While commonplaces flow from the prolific pen, love's sudden surges, at intervals, record themselves in what—? An abrupt "dear" squeezed in where it oughtn't be, or a bashful "sweetheart." Essence of love, hide your tear-dimmed eyes! Too reminiscent are your letters of the erotic passages of popular novels and songs—cheap with the pathetic gentilities of variety-show love. "I love you more than words can tell," "I miss you—" But nevermind. You mean well, O Essence! Your phrases are not set to paper flippantly, nor indifferently, but deliberately, painfully and with tragic seriousness—blossoming out of a love as rich, say, as Mrs. Browning's.

What a waste, my countrymen! Instead of cultivating love, love-letters today threaten to kill it. Fortunately, there is a remedy. The world must be brought to its senses. Education is the crying need. More aristocracy of thought, less autocracy. Fewer best sellers, less jazz, and more burning love. Once steeped in the rich poetry of earth and the ages, we shall be reading new Sonnets of the Portuguese in every love-letter that flutters under our discriminating noses. Much of the future happiness of the world depends on it.

Songs of Al Shaldomir

By LORD DUNSANY.

OMAR'S SONG.

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
  The nightingales that guard thy ways
Cease not to give thee, after God
  And after Paradise, all praise;
Thou are the theme of all their lays.

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
  My heart is ringing with thee still;
Though far away, O fairy fields,
  My soul flies low by every hill,
And misses not one daffodil.

Al Shaldomir, Al Shaldomir,
  O mother of my roving dreams,
Blue is the night above thy spires
  And, blue by myriads of streams,
Paradise through thy gateway gleams.

AN INTERRUPTED SONG OF THE IRIS MARSHES.

When morn is bright on the mountains olden
  Till dawn is lost in the blaze of day,
When morn is bright and the marshes golden
  Where shall the lost lights fade away?
  And where my love shall we dream today?

Dawn is fled to the marshy hollows,
  Where ghosts of stars in the dimness stray,
And the water is streaked with the flash of swallows
  And all through summer the iris sway.
  But where, my love, shall we dream today?

When night is black on the iris marshes....

The Man Who Was Lonely

By HENRY BELLAMANN.

SAMUEL WHITHORNE adjusted a cigaret in a long, ivory holder, lighted it and passed out through the revolving doors of the Hotel Anscott. Stopping in the shelter of one of the great red granite columns, he surveyed the rapidly increasing crowd that passed. It was near the theatre hour and the well-dressed throng moved briskly in the sharp November air. He consulted a square platinum watch several times and looked impatiently up and down the street as though waiting for some one.

Suddenly he seemed to remember something and re-entered the lobby. At the desk he said,

"If I am called by 'phone within the next hour, will you please say I shall return by eleven?"

"Certainly, Mr. Whithorne. Eleven o'clock, thank you."

Again he made his way to the street, consulted his watch and waited with evidently growing concern, then abruptly summoned a taxi and gave the name of a theatre several blocks distant.

A strong expression of distaste settled on his face as the taxi moved away. He relaxed rather wearily, as if he had been under a strain and stared morosely out of the window. He had not wanted a taxi; he had not wanted to go to the theatre; in fact, he had not planned his evening at all, nor was he at all certain how he would yet spend it. His conduct of the last few minutes had proceeded, he knew, almost without his volition. Every action had been performed as though someone had been watching. He knew no one was watching. He did not have an appointment, but he had acted so because he did not know how to avoid the appearance of being a stranger in the city—and lonely. That was it. He was lonely—even lonelier than was his lifelong habit. Crowds accentuated the feeling. Everyone had business, or friends and appointments. He was alone. He knew no one.

He had come East from Maryville in the mid-western state that was his home, for no particular purpose. Several weeks earlier he had finished his last book and sent it to the publishers, who had accepted it, as they had its two predecessors, with mild and formal enthusiasm.

Today he had seen an advance notice in one of the psychological journals which read: "'Unfamiliar Psychoses,' by Samuel Whithorne, will prove to be one of the year's most valuable contributions to the study of human conduct. It is a clear and untechnical presentation of some of the most interesting conclusions of the new psychology." It was pleasant to see his name in the same column with those of the distinguished exponents of the doctrines of Freud and Jung; but he knew very well that he had not made "a valuable contribution" to the subject. He knew that his book was a very clear and thorough digest of contemporary writers on abnormal psychology and that he had made an inter-

esting and correct application of their theories to certain obscure and not very important phases of the neurotic constitution. He was equally certain that in the great flood of psychological literature constantly appearing, his work would not attract more than passing notice from the great psychiatrists, though, in all probability, it would sell in large numbers, as had his "Collected Papers on Modern Psychiatry," because of the popular style in which it was written. Whether it sold or not did not matter. It had served the purpose of occupying him for six months. His lack of clinical experience precluded the possibility of his ever writing an important psychological work. Perhaps he would not have a genuine talent for the subject—his was merely a literary talent and a literary method, he told himself contemptuously, applied to a scientific subject—a rehash—a literary exercise with scientific data not his own.

The taxi proceeded slowly. At the cross streets, the car was delayed several minutes, then it crept on again, keeping pace with the automobiles of every description that crowded close. He busied himself wondering about the occupants of the cars on either side. He wondered if they were speculating about *him*. Probably not—they were too used to crowds of people—none of them alone—they were concerned with each other—they were not lonely. There flitted through his mind sentences and paragraphs of imaginary newspaper notices about himself: "Mr. Samuel Whithorne, the distinguished pyschologist, was seen at the Hotel Anscott in consultation with—." He broke off smiling with his former expression of distaste as he recognized the familiar unconscious basis of such fantasying.

Reaching the theatre, he entered but did not buy a ticket. Instead he took his station near the entrance and resumed his former expectant air, once more consulting his watch with an annoyed frown. Occasionally some one glanced with interest at his almost distinguished figure. He was quite perfectly dressed. Certain details of his costume indicated a careful taste. He was certainly good looking, if a little ascetic, and his strong features carried an expression of dignity and reserve. The brown eyes behind rather thick glasses seemed remote, chilling. The minifying effect of the heavy lenses gave them an expression of hard brightness that belied their actual feminine charm. Their glitter dimmed easily with emotion and assumed frequently a begging appeal. Few people ever looked long enough or closely enough at him to observe this.

"Got a seat?" asked a short, friendly-looking man in a brown derby.

Whithorne nodded slowly without speaking, wondering at the same time why he lied.

"You're lucky," continued the other easily, "she's been a big success in this play. House sold out days and days in advance. D'ye see her in—"

"Come on, papa," called a tall, elderly woman. "Mamie's here, come on."

The little man hurried away and Samuel looked after him with a warm liking, but his face showed no change of expression. Then he walked out of the theatre and along the street.

At the corner he paused before the brilliantly lighted entrance to the Gem

Theatre where moving pictures and vaudeville offered. Presently he was seated near the front. The "feature" was a sort of tabloid musical comedy and in spite of the protest of his tastes he found himself enjoying the performance. He particularly liked the little girl in the chorus who stood next the end. So, apparently, did a flamboyant youth sitting the next row nearer the stage. Samuel thought he saw her smile once or twice in recognition of the noisy applause from the young man, and experienced a curious feeling of envy. She had bobbed hair, rather fuzzy looking. She looked very firm and vital and, as he watched her nice round knee bending slightly outward in the sensuous movement of the little chorus step, he remembered that characters in stories take chorus girls out to supper after the show and he wondered if she would go should he send her a note. An immediate sense of the incongruity of himself with his stiff reserve and the hopping little girl on the stage, swept the notion out of his head. There would be nothing to talk about to such a girl—he would only be uncomfortable—she would doubtless be more so. Nevertheless, he strolled down the side street after coming out and was chagrined to see her leave the stage entrance hanging on the arm of the identical boy who had sat in front of him. She was talking and he was laughing with the untaught, loud laugh of his type. She was really pretty—but then, no doubt, this was a regular engagement—still, he would have liked to talk to her and experience the warm presence of so much youth and reckless vitality. Fancy flying with the idea, he imagined kissing her as he left her at her own door—what was it like, the frank, spontaneous kiss of a girl? He had never known and his imaginings went no further.

The night was becoming decidedly colder and he wrapped his muffler higher and closer about his throat but continued to wander about the city, choosing the smaller and narrower streets. A small florist shop attracted his attention and he entered when he saw that the only occupant was a girl. He had watched her for some minutes before opening the door. She was not especially attractive, but at night some world-old instinct increased his interest in women. While pricing various things, he led her into little bits of talk on other subjects. She was polite and frank and talked readily enough. How he longed to touch upon some greater intimacy! How did others do it? He had watched them—college boys, for instance. In two minutes a prep school boy would have had her giggling and blushing deliciously. But he had not the secret. He could only be informally pleasant. Some invisible boundary stopped him as effectually as though a thick wall separated them. All of his long years of practised good manners had created habits that could not easily be broken—had, perhaps, erected barriers of inhibitions through which his rather unformed longings could not force him to pass. The ruffled and quickened stream of his consciousness was speeding dizzily as he talked, but the casual politeness of the conversation did not vary. He finally bought some flowers and, not knowing what else to do with them, ordered them sent to his room number at the Hotel Anscott.

Again he found himself wandering about the street. He penetrated less reputable sections. Away from the more elaborate conventions built by better circumstances, there must be greater laxity of manners—of morals, too, something whispered—not that—he did not know what he wanted or what he might do should opportunity offer.

The farther he felt himself from his accustomed circumstances, the greater the sense of daring possessed him. He smiled at a shabby girl of sixteen or seventeen who passed him under a light. She smiled so easily the unsuspecting and impersonal smile that youth gives to greater age that he felt suddenly rebuffed and turned again toward his hotel. The sidelong glance of a woman in a heavily plumed hat received no response and in a little while, he re-entered with some sensation of relief, the hotel lobby.

But the spirit of the evening was not entirely quelled. Trained in years of introspection he asked scornfully of himself if this was but the small town man adventuring in a city—adventuring with no knowledge of the regions of adventure and without the easy masculine assurance and "brass" of those he both admired and despised. What he really asked was that someone should batter through his own reserve and resistance and make friends, or take him against his will through some new experiences —experiences high or low—he did not care. He was capable at this moment of entering either into the rites of lofty friendship or into sheer debauch.

The sound of jazz from the cabaret downstairs drew him. Music which he understood so well affected him so strangely. Capable of the spiritual experiences of a Franck Chorale, he was yet seized by the pounding rhythms of ragtime. He knew that his whole artistic fibre underwent change under the attack of reiterated rhythms; something in the dim recesses of his soul awoke from sleep and snarled. Again he thought with an almost scientific detachment of the curious lure of the common. Common music like the common prettiness of the shabby little girl acted powerfully. Perhaps the seemingly greater accessibility of commonness held for him the attractive idea of easy conquest.

The head waiter seated him not far from the little enclosure where the orchestra was stationed. Just now the pianist, advertised as a "super-jazzer," was playing a solo. Whithorne noticed at once the harsh and unimaginative tone quality, the monotony of color, but he was reluctantly thrilled by the performer's remarkable sense of rhythm. There was the masterful sway of the senses caught by the sheer suggestiveness of rhythm—that same hypnosis he had felt sometimes under the playing of great pianists—he felt himself whirl and posture to the relentless, surging excitant of the player's will. A girl in a flame color and jet dress, daringly cut, was dancing with a very slim man, giving sudden visualizations of the music's meaning.

Suddenly, quite as if the feeling had been transferred to someone else, Whithorne ceased to respond to the sharp, sensual urge of both music and dance. Some long established habit of observation and analysis stepped to the fore of consciousness and he became instantly

the cool-minded onlooker. Unwilling enough to give up these self-forbidden, self-seeking sensations, his restless mind resumed its weaving march, back and forth, back and forth in the steel cage of habit.

The next morning a letter from his publishers arrived, forwarded from Maryville. It was a request for some brief papers on "Unfamiliar Types of Hysteria" to be written in his usual untechnical style. There was a growing demand for psychological literature, the writer continued, and the success of Mr. Whithorne's first books pointed to him as the logical writer of such a book as the publishers now wished.

Whithorne sat looking out of the window of his room high above the streets. The city appeared and disappeared in clouds of smoke and steam. It was very beautiful in a quite modern, impressionistic way—none of the painters of great American cities had yet done them adequately—this piling up of strength, this magnificent cubistic-looking glorification of energy and hurry, of hard, practical purpose and daring dreaming. But it was to him too much a symbol of confusion. The quiet of the snowy landscape from his own wide study windows drifted across his mind. He could think there—he could obtain mental perspectives. How did people ever do it here? They were always so close to so many people and to so many disturbingly dynamic things.

He reread the letter. Distaste of the return from a fruitless trip and pleasure at the compliment of this request mingled. Why should he stay here hankering for whatever it was he hoped for? Why should he leave his study with its rows and rows of books, its charm of seclusion, for this ugly contact with impudent bell hops?—he never knew when they should be tipped—he was always fearful of doing the wrong thing—he feared them more than anyone. Why should he wilfully abandon his own dignity in the pursuit of unworthy sensations?

At the same time there swept through his brain an almost crying memory of the bobbed hair chorus girl with the pretty round knee and the cheap little girl he had met on a side street. He wanted to lurk around the stage door and see her again. He would like to take her home with him. He could picture her on the side seat before the great fire in his work room—curled up in a corner against the heavy pillows, her silken knees carelessly uncovered. Damn it, why couldn't he do as he pleased? Why couldn't he make himself do as he wanted to? Two forces equal in strength opposed and held him inert. Nothing had ever been right. Why didn't his family send him to public school instead of fencing him off with those eternal tutors? If they had left him with no money when they died—he would have had to work—get out in the world and make friends—he would have roomed with some man his own age, learned the easy, comfortable slang of his fellows, had some friends. But no, enough money to establish still stronger barriers between him and the people of Maryville, who were impressed even in his youth with the armor of his serious manner, and who, therefore, left him alone to the ascetic life of his library. The very housekeeper had conspired to keep away from him the intrusions he would have welcomed. It was too late now. Circumstances

and his own habits had built a gateless wall he could not scale. He would go home and spend the winter alone—writing.

He remembered as he packed his bags a fox that he used to see in the hills when he was a small boy. It was very curiously marked and he had asked old Andrew, a hired man, about it.

"Don't you see he's marked?" asked Andrew. "Won't no other foxes run with him. He circles them hills all alone. He's a marked fox—won't no others run with him."

Samuel knew that was an out and out fiction, but somehow the bitter little sting clung—"a marked fox, won't no others run with him." It was a surrender to a kind of fatalism.

He passed through the lobby of the hotel with the air of a man who was hurrying on affairs of desperate importance.

He stopped his taxi at an art store and entered to inquire about some prints. The clerk was just closing a portfolio of some photographs—in the nude—"Artist Studies" they were labeled.

Whithorne bought twenty of them and reentered his taxi with a curious feeling of relief—a faint glow of something like reflected happiness.

* * *

Cold

By CALE YOUNG RICE.

Winter . . . and still winter!
Down hill stagger the corn-stooks, heavy with ice.
Sheep in the bottom shiver.

The abandoned barn crumbles with wind and cold.
An elm darns like a crone above it,
With needle limbs that creak and clash
In and out endlessly.
But the rent of the sky still lets the snow in.

And my heart lets in the chill of the years . . .
Of the years!

Follow the Car in Front

By STEPHEN TA VAN.

APPROACHING George Gregg-smith's metropolitan lair last Monday evening, with intent to negotiate a modest short-time loan, I pressed the bell-button in the vestibule five times—the known ring of a friend. The latch clacked and I climbed the three dark flights of stairs.

The door at the top of the third flight stood ajar, but there was no one in the studio, and none answered my blithe hail. Evidently Irene had flitted for the evening—though she was out of an engagement.

After a few seconds' wait I heard sounds of male life in the dressing alcove, and pushing aside a curtain, with a premonitory call, discovered the host himself entranced, open-mouthed, before the mirror.

"Go to a dentist or let the tooth alone," I said. "Watching won't help it."

"It's not a toothache," George replied, in the uniquely preoccupied manner of one who inspects a feature, "it's my eyes. I'm getting cross-eyed."

"I thought you were born that way," said I cheaply. "However—why does the condition worry you specially now?"

"It's this Sunday motoring," he said. "I tell you, you can't drive a strange car, or even your own, all day in that obsessed procession, following the car in front, without feeling your eyes converge. That's all the scenery I saw in the Berkshires yesterday from two until ten—the tail of the car in front. And before and behind me were several hundred thousand other dubs, all doing the same thing."

" 'How many cars placed end to end, Cuthbert, would it take to equal the length of the post-road from New York to Boston?' Is that the idea?"

"Exactly. To say nothing of the number from New York to San Francisco, and from Kennebunkport, Maine, to New Orleans. I get a little wild," he said, wiping his eyes, "at the thought of all those wheels, that enormous volume of machinery."

" 'Oh, how the moon shines'," I hummed, " 'on the old machinery'."

"Don't sing!" he shouted. "I mean, don't try to sing. Anything from you, at this moment, but an attempt at song. And particularly, no song with liquor on its breath. The family gin has given out and eke the family Bacardi, and Garfinkle the trusty bootlegger reports the market to have risen ten points on the one and eight-fifty on the other. Some high official must have been hounded to start a real raid. Apropos: have you any money?"

"Quite the reverse," I countered gracefully. "But I assume, from what you hint, that my original intent may as well be tabled in the circumstances. Where's 'Rene?"

"Motoring with Vean Judson's gang."

"Why not you?"

"Do you think I can do it perpetually? I sicken at the very thought—taste gasoline and oil in the morning coffee."

"But Irene?"

"Mad. It's a mania with her friends, like their gang-eating, and in fact, complementary to that vice. First they take a ride for instance, and get up an appetite, then they eat. Then they ride again because they can think of nothing else to do, and get up another appetite, and eat again. It's the vicious circle, perpetual motion, action and reaction, Gog and Magog, McIntyre and Heath. I tell you, in the warm season, I have no wife, only an automaton that clambers in and out of motors."

"Don't she get bored?"

"Doesn't seem to. Too young, I guess, and naive. She's only thirty-three, and an actress. It takes the sophisticated flapper of seventeen to be *blasé*. I was joshing Margie the file-clerk—one of the harmless, leggy tribe that powders the face to resemble a marmoset's—I was joshing her about having a heeler with a car. 'Why, all my friends has cars,' she said. 'Really I wouldn't think of having a friend without at least a Cunningham. Just cars ain't no novelty to me.' "

"The gels in our office never, never walk," I said. "Yesterday the multigrapher, a boy from the country, asked a stenog they call The Kid Herself if she liked to walk out in the Park. 'Whaddya mean, walk out in the Park,' she said. 'If I did I'd be fit to live in a tree, with the other squirrels.' She didn't get him at all."

George ignited one of his terrible popular cigarettes, a Maldorma—"You Get Up in the Night to Smoke Them."

"Few country lasses understand the use of the legs for walking, now, for that matter," he gasped between asphyxiations. "They dump the potatoes out of the Ford and shoot into high from the barn threshold. No buggy riding in their young lives."

"Do you suppose Margie the file-clerk knows what a buggy is?" I asked, coughing.

"Open more windows if you hate the smoke. No, I don't suppose she does, except as a prop., full of grinning chorines, in the 'old-fashioned' scene of some musical comedy."

"Shades of Tess Alden!" I mused. "Twenty-five years ago, no boy was thought properly graduated from the Academy, unless he had practiced buggy-riding with Tess. It was a supplementary diploma—more important, maybe, than the one on parchment."

"And who was Tess Alden?" George asked idly. "The banker's daughter, I hazard. Or only a simple waitress in the college eating-joint?"

"The town milliner, and a highly self-respecting one. The most gorgeous brown hair and eyes in the world—in many travels I never saw their equals. She was fond of the boys, but critical of their antics. If she didn't fancy a young swain's behavior, she made him get out and walk, while she drove home alone. That was Tess, a great lay educator."

"Too severe for my blood. I used to have a girl who— But no matter about her. Ultimately she married a plumber... Riding in a buggy commended itself to me for its comfort. A horse sympathetically trained, not too active. You must have known one like that, sometime."

"My uncle had one, about the era of the 'Star' bicycle. Remember? The old high one with the little wheel in front and the pedals that you pushed

up and down instead of 'round and 'round. My uncle's horse was Kentucky-bred. He had a knocked-down hip, but he could rack so smoothly, a glass of water wouldn't spill on his back. A wise old steed. You could wrap the reins around the whip-socket and forget him."

"When I was a kid," said George with more animation, "my father had a wry-necked Hambletonian mare that we kept at Grogan's livery stable, and drove on Sunday afternoons. I used to bribe Grogan to let me take her out on the Westboro pike, where the drivers at the old Walnut City track jogged their nags. She gave some of them the surprise of their lives before they got hep to her. From the side, she looked like a milk-wagon horse, but she had quarters a yard across, and oh, boy! how she could lay belly to the ground and dig in her toes when some upstart black side-wheeler sneaked abreast. The old man claimed he didn't know how fast she could go, but I noticed she was always in practice for a brush."

"I thought you liked 'em calm and gentle."

"Oh, well—for different purposes, old thing. After all, can anything give you more of a jump than a good horse? A clean saddler is as much better for a ride than a car, as a hoss race is more fun to watch than an automobile razz."

"Around and around in a bowl, like a magnified patent puzzle," I said. "Give me Billy Kelly in a stretch run at Havre de Grace, making the wire by the length of his clever head."

"I go back to MacChesney," George said, "the season he cleaned up. I followed him from track to track and bet on all of his races. The bookies got to hate my money. Of course I lost it all and more besides, afterward; but them was the days! them was the days! But pardon me! I was about to take me bath, and no ordinary gossip postpones that function. Amuse yourself as you please."

The while he clattered in his tub, my thoughts pursued the halcyon days of his delight—reaching much farther back, indeed; for MacChesney's triumphs were historically but semi-ancient. In that good racehorse's time, the automobile was already beginning to infest the roads, superseding and crowding out the bicycle, which had thrown the first great shadow of eclipse athwart the horse, as sun of surcease-seeking Amurrica.

In the latter Eighties (I remembered) the bicycle, as a universal instrument, had been dream-stuff. High "wheels" were toys with which boys experimented at a certain stage, as younger children had velocipedes; but one said "safety" contemptuously, and any prophet who foretold popularity for the contraption was ridiculed from his pulpit.

Followed quickly, in the Nineties, the safety bicycle's stupendous vogue. At one hundred dollars, nearly every adult of respectable income, and every gently-born hobble-de-hoy, had been forced by fashion and example to own and ride one. Strong men, weak men, spinsters and mothers of families, had passed through the throes of learning, and pedaled madly out for miles, then wearily back, of a sunny afternoon. Each neighborhood had had its club; bike trips and festivals were always in order; there had been special bike-paths and road-maps for guidance in pushing from State to State.

For several years—longer than by aftersight seemed possible—the makers and dealers had maintained the outrageous price. It had been useless for the thrifty mind to argue that to manufacture a bicycle cost but a few dollars and the rest was surplusage; the demand was held and the consumer continued to bleed into the dealer's pocket. The prophet of that time predicting a common-sense revision had been as little heeded as he who had prophesied the epidemic, a decade earlier.

Then the wind had changed again. Many persons had seemed to discover, simultaneously, that the bicycle was essentially utilitarian: a convenience for accomplishing errands. The tandem (egregious monstrosity! Memo: the popular ballad, "Daisy Bell," with its "bicycle built for two") had disappeared almost overnight. The festivals ceased, the clubs languished. The price had broken — one supposed the patents lapsed—and the earnest seeker found a useful machine purchasable for twenty dollars. But by then, comparatively few had cared. The bicycle had become, as in continental Europe, a logical means to an end. As a panacea, it had flopped and been forgotten as completely as its contemporary hallucination, the jingo-patriotism of the Spanish War.

The automobile had borne a share in reducing the bicycle-madness. But had there ever been a general suspicion—even a dawning of humorous acknowledgment—that the two obsessions were alike, the one as distorted as the other? Did it occur to any considerable number, by the light of precedent, that the car-bubble might burst? Perish the whisper of so honest an admission! The automobile had become a fetich more extravagant, more solemnly absurd, if that were possible, than the passing "wheel."

"And the common service of both," I argued, "has been in the way of popular thought-preventives, poisons used as antidotes for disease. Binks, the surcease-seeker, drives a car as he takes a bromide, or a drink if he can get one, to soothe nerves riddled by work and worry. Clutching the steering-wheel, he cannot cerebrate, and so imagines that he rests. He gives her the gas, the engine leaps, the countryside streams past—flat or hilly, it is all one to him. His eyes are fixed like a cataleptic's, there's a drone in his ears; and beside him Mrs. Binks fights for breath and wishes she had waited until dinner for the seductive lobster Newburg. Who has not encountered, bouncing dangerously over rustic bridges, those stony-faced, astounding motor-parties, of two men and three stout women, or four stout women and one man, with overloaded stomachs betrayed by heavy, haunted eyes as they stormed past?"

The English had been described—I went on—as taking their pleasure sadly, but most Americans took theirs stupidly. They golfed, or motored, or built a house in the country, not because they had any clear idea about it, but because an attempt to foil or escape from the bitterness co-incident to life's struggle was instinctive, and people around them were golfing, motoring and building country-houses. Such diversions, though deadly-dull in a majority of cases, were advertised by word of mouth and in the public prints, until they became nostrums.

Take the force of suggestion in the

concrete example. Let Mrs. Updike, at a Spring tea-fight, inquire of Mrs. Johns:

"Where do you expect to spend the summer?"

Mrs. Johns (doubtful of going away at all, by reason of the weakened Johns exchequer): We haven't decided. Where do you?

Mrs. Updike (smugly): Oh, Nugent's of course. We never *think* of going anywhere except to dear old Nugent's.

Thereupon the costly Nugent's would become the summer goal of Mrs. Johns, despite its inappropriateness to the situation. The same principle applied to the recommended automobile, subdivision or country-club. The victims tagged like sheep.

I remembered splitting on that subject in early boyhood, with my dear Aunt Ellen. She had wished me to attend dancing school, an institution for which I had a profound aversion.

"I don't see any sense in it, Auntie," I had protested. "It ain't natural for boys, all that prinking and stuff."

"But my dear little boy," she had explained, "you want to be like other people, don't you? You don't want to grow up to be a boor, you surely don't want to be *different!*"

Alack! that had been the good soul's pet horror: to be different. The desire to do what was right had weakened, through descending generations of her type, into an unwillingness to ponder anything unusual, lest it disclose an alarming truth. As to the dancing, specifically: her advice might have been excellent, but the fact remained that ignorance of the social dance had afforded me the opportunity to learn it, much later, in exceedingly pleasureable conditions.

"The old impulses and civilizations among us are dead or moribund," I summed it up to my own satisfaction. "The Land of the Free has become a hodge-podge, less violent but nearly as chaotic, intellectually, as Russia. We are on our way, but know not whither we are going, and do not care, most of us, to wonder. The automobile-passion is but one manifestation of the common itch to forget, to blot out the cares of the day and worries for the morrow; so to deaden the apprehension by a rush of air that a semblance of drunkenness is achieved, a prohibition jag. There is no choice, no art, no epicureanism or other philosophy about it, merely a blind reaction to a cosmic urge.

"Yes, the old impulses are dead, and most of the old forms, skeletons. But here or there, in some protected or isolated section, you come upon a valid survival, either accidental or intelligent. In the hills there are strange primitive settlements, and more than once in the South—driving through to Florida—I entered a district of the other kind, wherein the rattling of my aggressive Ford seemed not only an anachronism but a profanation. The houses there were homes, not barracks; the land was treated as a heritage, a trust; everywhere were signs of continuity and permanence, the desire to get the best, not the most, out of life by practicing a plan. One read the character of the people from their estates and livestock, the horses and cattle, and from the fact that rabbits stopped by the fences to stare at the traveler of the early morning. The district might hunt, but not

to extermination. Doubtless the newer South is justly proud of the rapid growth of her industries. Personally, I honor the preservation from extinction of her old, graceful regime.

"Yet, I could not dwell in Warrenton, supposing the impossibility that I were admitted. Unto each man his metier and habitat, and I am, frankly, an atom of Manhattan, that majestic and ridiculous conglomeration of provincialism and sophistication, a unique oasis, at the worst, in the swirling national melange of twa-twa philistinics. I love her highways better than her byways, prefer her beauty to her decadence, but all in all I am neurotic with her, and old age, if it entrap me, will find me pirouetting madly in her purlieus, with the rest of them, for the pirouetting's sake."

The last sentences so intrigued me that I uttered them aloud, and George thrust out his head, with its seven hairs afloat.

"The hoot you say, 'pirouetting madly'," he derided. "I think you're mad already. I'll be out soon, to hold you down."

But at that point the tenant in the front flat appeared, to inform us wearily of a call on his telephone for George. Neither of us had heard the bell.

George departed, dripping, in his bathrobe. After a considerable interval he returned in the worst of humors.

"From Irene," he snapped. "The whole gang has been pinched for breach of the peace, forty miles down the line in Connecticut. It would have been just a matter of speeding and a ticket, and come around in the morning, but Judson got ugly—this green prohigh liquor always turns him sour—and made the rural flatties sore. Now I have to jam around for bail."

I must not repeat his opinion of automobiles, delivered while he dressed. Fifteen minutes later, however, when we debouched upon an empty, echoing street, his attitude underwent a modification. Standing on the curb, he forced between his fingers a piercing whistle—a trick I have always envied him.

Two blocks away, the familiar put-put-put! broke into being. A taxi detached itself from the shadows, crossed the area of light at the corner, and in a moment drew up beside us. George gave the driver a number and tore open the door.

"They have their uses," he flung at me over his shoulder. "Drive like hell, Jack."

* * *

Getting enough to eat, and then getting rid of it, are two of the great problems of life.—*E. W. Howe.*

Two Poems

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

DRESS-MODEL.

You must bribe your equanimity
With promises of maudlin nights.
Your mind, in robes of dun,
Is but the punished servant of your days.
You emphasize your nakedness
Within a shop, while women sit
And look with acid satiation
At trimly sensual gowns upon your back.
You give them limbs upon a platter
While they sit and shrewdly chatter.
(This active incongruity
Rules the purchases of men.)

Now the night is on your back.
Does he kiss you lucidly?
Be satisfied, for even poets
Must often argue with the counterfeit
Of your evening's entertainment.

VILLAGE-CLERK.

Rabelais and Maeterlinck,
Tired after many arguments,
Subside upon your rosy face.
You try the simper of a boy
Playing with a toy violin,
As your voice responds to women
Purchasing sugar and salt.
You long to escape, but cannot.
The pensive relish of tidbits
Has gradually mastered your life,
And you linger at the deserted table.

Curve upon your sweetheart's shoulder:
Look up and admire the moon.
Even those who are bolder
Must often sing your tune.

A Fellside Tragedy*

By HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.

Hubert Crackanthorpe was one of the group of brilliant young men who made the eighteen-nineties an outstanding, renascent period in English letters. His work appeared for the most part in the *Yellow Book*, the *Savoy*, and the *New Review*, whose numbers are today treasured memorials in collectors' libraries. His subject invariably was Life and its Tragedies, of which he was himself one; he went to his death at the age of twenty-six in the waters of the Seine. His friend, Richard Le Gallienne, wrote of him: "He was inexhaustibly interested in men and women, and the pity of their terrible destinies, and perhaps hardly another writer of his generation had so thoroughly equipped himself for his calling of novelist by so adventurous a study of human life." Four little books are all he had left us, and perhaps the best of his work is found in the first, which bears the terrible title "Wreckage." The others, chronologically, are "Sentimental Studies and A Set of Village Tales," "Vignettes," and "Last Studies," the latter a postumous work prepared for publication by his mother, Blanche A. Crackanthorpe, through whose courtesy "A Fellside Trageday" is here published. The little sketch we are permitted to print is not one of his best, but as an uncollected work of Hubert Crackanthorpe it seemed worthy of preservation. —V. S.

HARD by the tiny church of Mardale, at the head of Haweswater lake, stood a house—not a grey Westmorland farmhouse, flanked by long, low-roofed, rough-walled buildings, but a smart little villa, with a red-tiled gabled roof, white stucco walls, a freshly-painted green veranda, and a microscopic lawn in front dotted with queer-shaped beds of bright flowers.

Everything was so strikingly spruce that to the stray tourist at the "Dun Bull" inn it seemed as if the house had been bodily transported from the suburbs of some city and set down in this lonely Westmorland valley. The walls were of such a dazzling whiteness that in summer, when the sun shone upon them, they could be seen by the people in the trains over the side of Shap fells, as a glistening white speck under the dark mountain side.

A little old widow lady lived there. Years ago her father had rented the Scartop farm on the other side of the lake, but she had married a commercial traveler and had gone away South. Thirty years later she had come back to Mardale—to end her days in the peaceful spot where she had spent her childhood.

The sun had just topped the hills and was beginning to clear away the blue mists that hung round the shores of the lake. It was early yet, and the village still slept. Not a sound save the crowing of a cock at intervals in a neighboring farmyard...

Suddenly, from the little white house a girl stepped into the road. At first glance there seemed nothing remarkable about her—just a common farm-girl, with a coarse, thick-set figure; but as she moved into the sunlight you might have seen that her face showed

*Copyright 1921 by Vincent Starrett.

traces of great mental suffering. Her eyes were bloodshot, the lids red and swollen and there was a hard, set look about the mouth.

She glanced up and down the road—not leisurely as if on the lookout for a passer-by, with whom to gossip, but rapidly, almost stealthily. Having made sure that no one was in sight, she ran across the road to the church opposite and tried the door. It was locked. After a moment's irresolution she crossed the churchyard and began to hurry up the mountainside.

Jenny King was a true Westmorland lass, born and bred on the fellsides, who had never travelled farther from her native village than to Penrith on market days. Except last Whit-Monday, when she had gone on an excursion trip to Keswick with "Long Joe." "Long Joe" was her lover, a fine strapping young fellow who shepherded for the new tenant of the Scartop farm.

After Michaelmas he was to have a rise; and then they were to be married in the tiny church at the head of the lake. But on Saturday a tragedy had roused the sleepy little village to a state of intense excitement—a tragedy which had wrecked all Jenny's hopes. Joe had been helping the Scartop men to load the hay and had had words with one of them in the big thirty-acre field. Joe's temper was a quick one; words soon changed to blows, and at last in a fit of fury he picked up a pitchfork and ran his companion through the stomach.

A day and a half of hiding in the forest followed, till he had got money enough to fly the country. It was Jenny who had given him this money. She had taken it from the well in her mistress' writing-table. The theft had cost her no moral struggle, for she had done it almost mechanically, in blind, dog-like fidelity to Joe, without once giving a thought to the consequences, only filled with the idea that he wanted the money and that she must get it for him.

But as soon as he was gone, hastening on his way to Liverpool, a reaction came upon her. It was terrible. First, the grief of her mistress at the disappearance of her savings cut her to the heart, as recollections of the old lady's thousand and one little acts of kindness crowded in upon her memory; then terror—vague, sickening, physical terror of the police, of the handcuffs, of the prison.

Towards evening mistrustful looks, whisperings, and at last a general shunning of her presence told her that she was suspected. Oh, the horror of the night that followed! For hours she had lain awake, motionless, staring fixedly at the wall by her bedside.

She had once seen in a shop window at Penrith a colored picture of a female convict crouching in a cell with her face buried in her hands. All through the night that picture haunted her; its crude glaring colors had appeared not once, but a hundred times, till it covered the walls of her room. Wherever she turned her eyes she was confronted with it; there was no escape. And gradually as the night wore on, the seated figure grew more and more like herself, till she could see on its forehead the bruise which she had got when she fell down Farmer Langley's dairy steps last week.

At last she fell asleep, but still the figure pursued her. The nightmare

came, and she was shivering, chained to the bare stone floor of the prison cell, doomed forever and ever...

The girl could bear it no longer. Tomorrow they would come and take her, and she would become like the figure in the picture. She must fly. Where? She never once gave a thought to that. Only to escape to the fells away from the horrible convict-woman!

...On, on she climbed, now across stretches of grey shingle, which she sent clattering down the mountain side, now up to her knees in the bracken, now picking her way over a crowd of boulders huddled together in savage disorder.

...On, on she climbed, while her heart throbbed excitedly and great beads of sweat started from her forehead. At last she reached the top and threw herself gasping on the grass. There was a buzzing in her ears and a heavy thud, thud, thud against her temples. Yet this sense of physical exhaustion was a relief after the terrible mental strain of the last three days.

Then by degrees it passed. From where she lay she could just see the thatched roof of her father's cottage. There was the road along which as a little girl she had trudged to school, day after day, summer and winter; next her mind wandered to Joe— to Joe before the murder—she thought of the first time that he had kissed her, one blustering winter afternoon when she had gone to fetch the milk from the Scartop farm, of the trip to Keswick, and of the silver brooch that he had bought her there.

These recollections were not painful to Jenny. She was reviewing them calmly as if they were incidents in another's life, when with a sharp spasm of pain came back the thought of her mistress' grief. Oh! she was sorry, bitterly sorry for her—yet there was no self-upbraiding. It was the inevitable. She had done the only thing possible. Joe had to be saved.

Was he already at Liverpool? she wondered. How long would he be on the sea? Perhaps he would go on a ship like the one in the picture hanging in the waiting-room at Penrith Station. In the picture the deck was black with passengers. Perhaps Joe was one of them. Gradually her thoughts began to wander, and then, and then she was asleep...

When she woke the sun was high in the sky. It was a minute or two before she realized how she came to be lying there on the wet grass—she shivered.

Look! Some people were crossing the road and coming towards the mountain. Perhaps it was a search party. She must be gone—farther away, where they could not find her. She dare not get up lest her figure should be seen by those below standing out against the sky-line; so she crawled away from the mountain edge; then got up and ran.

The range of mountains was so broad at this point that the summit formed a sort of table-land, several miles in width. It was a barren expanse, not a tree, not a shrub, only bushy tufts of coarse grass growing right down to the edges of the pools of brackish water, and here and there, like great flesh wounds in the earth's surface, gaping peat hags, with black, shiny, dripping sides. It was a dreary spot, even on this gorgeous summer day.

Jenny hurried on, driving before her

a little flock of black-legged mountain sheep, till she had crossed the range. The great lake of Ullswater lay at her feet, glistening like a sheet of molten silver; beyond, the bare, round backs of the lake district mountains rose, one behind the other, till they melted away to a purple haze on the horizon. She stood for a moment, gazing stupidly at the glorious scene; then she slipped down into a peat hag.

When she came to herself the white, weird light of the moon was shining and a few fleecy clouds were chasing one another lazily across the sky. From far away below came the bleating of sheep; then all was still...

Hark! What was that? A piercing whistle burst through the silence of the night. Another, then another, followed by a cry which made Jenny's blood run cold. It was her own name ringing through the night.

With the instinct of a hunted animal, she held her breath, put her fingers between her teeth to keep them from chattering, and flattened herself against the soft, clammy peat. Nearer, nearer they came. Jenny! Jenny! and the cry was re-echoed by the mountains opposite till it seemed to her fevered imagination as if the evil spirits of the mountains round were tossing her name backwards and forwards to each other in diabolical mockery. The shouts grew fainter and fainter; at length all was still again.

But now came strange, bitter regrets that they had not found her. How horrible the stillness was! She tried to call after them, but the sound of her own voice terrified her so that she gave it up in despair. The pains, too, which she had forgotten in the moment of mortal anxiety, came back.

What was that white thing gleaming on the stones over there? Only the skeleton of a sheep, probably starved to death in the winter. Jenny shuddered and her teeth began to chatter again, furiously. Oh, anything but that! The life of a convict woman rather than such a death. She must go back and give herself up. Surely someone would have pity on her. She burst into a fit of hysterical crying. Then she struggled forward. Her strength was now almost spent. She was shivering all over, yet her head seemed on fire, and hunger—a devouring, overwhelming hunger began to gnaw her.

Still she crawled on desperately; now falling into a peat hag, now stumbling over a heap of shingle. Thus down the mountainside, while her knees knocked together at every step.

When she reached Farmer Langley's stead she had not the courage to knock for admittance; so she threw herself on a half-finished hay-rick and, covering herself over with hay, slept.

* * *

Two hours later, when the sun ushered in another gorgeous June morning, Farmer Langley's men came and finished the rick...

As the days went by a strange, horrible odor came from the rick-yard. They pulled down the rick and found poor Jenny's body. The forks of the men had pierced her through and through. Was it these wounds that had killed her, or had she passed away before the rising of the sun?

Who shall tell?

Hunger Inn

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH.

Waiter, waiter!
The hour is late.
Bring me love on a silver plate,
Topped with green from the coolest springs,
Garnished with kisses in golden rings,
Warmed with laughter and spiced with tears,
The love I've famished for all these years.

"We're just out of love, tonight, Madam."

Then hasten, hasten.
The moments pass.
Bring me fame in a tall thin glass,
Ice to clink with a tinkling sound,
Mint-leaves traveling round and round,
Frothy bubbles to break and gleam,
The heady draught of my headiest dream.

"The cellars are empty, Madam."

But, waiter, waiter,
An hour is spent!
Bring me a bowl of old content.
The good contentment we used to bake
In a round brown bowl of the earthen make,
Seasoned well with a housewife's pride,—
Crispy crust, but a soft inside,
Not so rich as a finer dish
But hot and tasty as heart could wish.

"We can't get the ingredients, Madam."

Your fare is poor and your service slow,
Hungry I came, I'll hungry go.
Perchance I can feed me further on.
Bring me my wrap and I'll be gone.

"Just as you say, Madam."

The French Genius in Art

By MAXWELL ARMFIELD.

AT a time when the world is almost consciously crucifying Art, and when in America one is watching uneasily lest the new resurrection should be secretly effected within these coasts; whilst the world's vital center is once more shifting westwards, it may not be irrelevant to see just what it is that the various countries are sending as their tithe to this new birth.

It is perhaps more interesting at first to examine a little into what we call the French Genius, because France for many years has generally been held, so far as Painting and the Drama are concerned, to be the cultural center of the world; and also because the majority of American painters have put themselves to such an extent under French influence, that in American painting the aims and ideals of the Parisian atelier are reflected almost to the exclusion of any others.

Yet, for ourselves we hold that Americans remain almost untouched by the essential genius expressing itself through French art, and that the appearance of Gallicism, so blatant on the surface, is fortunately a mere trick of technique which, like all such tricks, confuses the real issue.

What then, exactly, does one mean by the French Genius?

Not, certainly, any peculiar virtuosity or even virtue inherent in France, from the attainment of which all other nations are excluded. That were a notion possible only to the narrowest chauvinist. Rather so we take it to be an attitude towards life, and especially an artistic attitude, that has been taken consistently by generations of French people as the expression of the finest feeling of their country.

These qualities may be found elsewhere, no doubt, but we may see them here, most clearly and most consistently revealed.

Only in their material manifestation do they necessarily become national and limited in character. That is to say, the lay of the land, the climatic conditions, the flora and fauna and other consequential features of a similar character, have to some extent defined these qualities of mind, and associated themselves with them until we can scarcely separate the one from the other. *Au fond*, however, the essence of the French as of any other "genius" is a quality of mind that could and should be a part of everybody's mental make-up.

We notice that in their art-expression, all nations may be roughly divided into two great classes. Those who merely weave patterns, more or less complex: often with no particular meaning attached beyond the delight in so doing: and those who deal with facts of experience, collecting and arranging them primarily for delight, but also with the object of interrelating them, of drawing some conclusion or pointing some moral: those who put color first and those who put meaning first; those who joyfully praise the spontaneous vitality of life, and those who tend wisely to

direct and guide its impetuous current in such ways as to make the most economical (but not parsimonious) use of it. The male and female attitudes.

The perfect expression, of course, needs both elements, but this is not immediately attained. As with individuals, so with nations, the restraining and orderly quality is usually acquired as the result of experience.

Neither a child nor a child-like race has a restrained or subtle sense either of shape or color. His sense of shape and pattern is rigid and slight, perhaps, but not restrained, save as the mechanical medium he uses is restrained. His choice of hue is always as near the primaries as possible; he has, however, so true a sense of pattern-weaving that he can harmonize the most unpromising material.

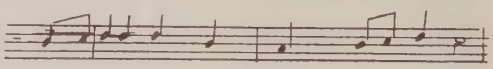
To the pattern-weavers belong, then, the simple people. They may be highly civilized: certainly the Scandinavian people are among the most advanced socially, in the world; yet they are essentially a simple people still, and belong in their best expression today as well as traditionally to the weavers of pattern. When they throw this heritage away for the Parisian accent, they achieve little of real interest.

Some nations, such as the East Indian, have consistently expressed their art impulse by pattern, whilst even in their very crude beginnings others, as the Greeks, began immediately to invent and use human stories, and have not originated a single pattern worth remembering. All the Greeks' patterns as distinct of course, from compositions which are not repeating in their basis, are rather feeble memories of Eastern motives, when they are not directly handed down from the Minoan craftsmen, and entirely spoiled in the process.

To the extent then that the French art in its best phases deals always with what is called natural representation, and is incapable even of copying a mere repeat with *esprit*, (*l'art nouveau* and the recent thieving of modern German patterns are perfectly fair examples of French pattern-making); to that extent it is classic with the classicism of Greece; but the classicism of Roman and late Greek sculpture that we see laboriously affected by such painters as Ingres and all the Academics, has no real connection with what we refer to as the French Genius.

This begins to be distinctive somewhat after the earliest Renaissance. Pater, in his curiously French style, has conveyed this early-morning of the French genius very winsomely and very truly in many of his books. Wherever he deals with the Trouveres, for instance, and in his "Imaginary Portraits" and in the "Renaissance."

This Provencal ballad of about the twelfth century, expresses exactly the same thing in its rather wistful way:



A l'entrada del tems clar, y— ya! etc.

One has only to compare this with a German or English folk-song to see already a subtlety, a determined getting-away-from-the-pattern, so far as its obvious tune is concerned; an almost atmospheric treatment that is quite individual though still colored of course by the Italian and Church influences. The note of wistfulness, which is not

entirely due to the use of the Greek mode for it is quite different from the English sadness, remains unchanged under French art right up to Debussy and Chavannes.

In these early days, too, the Italian, French, and even Flemish craftsmen seem to have been much more *au courant* with one another's doings than at the present day, in spite of all the tediousness of their traveling; so that the exquisitely naive and simple sculpture of a French cathedral may often be seen in Italy or in some picture by Van der Weyden or Memlinc.

It is rather odd that after this very early flowering, French art has not done very much to boast of in Sculpture, in spite of all that has been done for it and said about it.

It is extremely doubtful, for instance, if Rodin's work will stand anywhere near Chavannes' or Debussy's in the respect of future generations; its comparative popularity today being a bad indication amongst others. To say that French sculpture is more alive than British sculpture is not to make any very momentous discovery or to pay any compliment.

It is in lyric poetry and above all, in music, that French genius is most evidently at home; there and in those little oil panels not larger than ten or twelve inches either way; those "pocket-pieces" in which such painters as Corot and the Barbizon painters so often surpassed themselves.

Nothing probably could more aptly indicate a certain aspect of French art and especially of French music and lyricism, than a remark of Doctor Garnett's about the French intellect:—"so cool, so clearheaded, so delicately analytic of its own motives...."

It is not big in any sense, but it has a certain steel-like fineness and flexibility of temper that is essentially masculine, where too often what passes for strength and verve is mere brutality or licentiousness. It has, too, very evidently the masculine delicacy and subtle sense of nuances of meaning in which is the incisive wisdom and rapier-cunning attributed to the angel Michael. And this without a taint of hardness. For the delicacy is, after all, so very much that of a grassblade, which no one would so defame, or of the poplar leaf so easily set a-quiver by the breeze's lightest caress, that we could not think of its precision as uncomely or as lacking in feeling. There is no doubt that much of the lay of the land begins to mingle its correspondences here, and to set up an elaborate system of memories and reverberations; for one cannot think of French music without constantly hearing again the fresh ripple as a sudden gust sweeps over the river, leaving the willows whitely flaming and the poplars rustling.

There is in it, too, the plash of more sophisticated water, trained delicately to whisper into hollowed marble, whose spray is so fine that it will scarcely spoil the silken dresses it may happen to dew if the wind be fresh of an evening.

Here, too, we find a hint of that other essential of the French Genius; its southern origin; its air, to use a vulgar Anglicism, of being well-bred; of having its roots very well laid and delicately spread. And for all this, notice that in France art often chooses humble enough men for the bestowal of her

favors, whilst across the Channel, the younger sons of wealthy people as often choose art, almost as a favor, for their profession.

To return, however, to this question of waters; let us compare for a moment the case of France with that of its neighbors, and we shall see perhaps how it is that its art is so full of their voice.

Italy, one must admit, is insufficiently supplied in this regard, having indeed in some parts, quite a vulgar thirst, due no doubt to the greedy and short-sighted policy of cutting down forests indiscriminately, for firewood. One can scarcely expect, therefore, that its artists will be so free with the element. Similarly with Spain.

Again with the English; there is so obviously too much of it everywhere that any more than a passing reference would become either satirical or fraught with uncomfortable memories of all sorts.

France, however, well-watered, is quite comfortably dry for the most part, and so can realize the water-charm with an impartiality that is not possible to its neighbors.

At first this delight in water of all kinds, is scarcely conscious. We may hear it trickling and bubbling and delicately dropping through the suites of Couperin and Rameau, but it is not as definite, at any rate not as visible as in those delicious groups of courtiers assembled with their ladies about some golden fountain in some Book of Hours, or in the Romaunt of the Rose, so clearly prophetic of Watteau.

In music it remained for Debussy and for Ravel consciously to inspire themselves in rain-washed gardens, with goldfish in fountains, and the dizzy tinkling of the sharp Spring rain-needles in their basins...the young lily-leaves seen faintly under water, still only half-uncurled and quite innocent as yet of the warm patter above.

And then, too, that more than half-French poem of Maeterlinck's, that dim and sequestered drama of Pelleas and Melisande, which in Debussy's hands becomes a little less gloomy, a little lightened with the wan sheen of moonlit waters: is this not here made into a veritable water-poem, sounding all its rhythms from the gushes of warm spring rain, almost gay, and glimmer of moony dew, to the sombre stillness of the forest well, full of silent echoes, wakened but that one time only to utter those wonderful water-sounds? This scene in itself is a poem on the sound of water: so sad, so beautiful, so irrevocably deep, and yet too rapid for thought, as the jewel slips and falls, plunging through the pale glimmer into terrible blackness; so that Melisande's unstifled sob, liquid itself and part of the jewels and the well, hinting (in that indefinable way that may indicate in a complex and traditional art-consciousness so much more than direct utterance) of Undine and a dozen other stories and pictures. Does not this artistry move one more than the incident of the play could account for in itself?

In this subtile echoing and implication, French art, and especially perhaps, French music and Lyric, has much of the aroma one chiefly associates with the art of China at its best, and with little else in the world. It is a fragrance so subtile that only a highly refined and

aristocratic civilization that has neither become too complex nor soft, nor too far separated from the soil, could have produced it.

Not too far separated from the soil!

There are two facets of the French Genius that especially come to mind in connection with this phrase, taking form first in the typical farmyard lyrics of the Pleiade and of Couperin, and second, in those severe vases and pots, often festooned demurely in dull pink or lavender and with crisp or pithy mottoes, such as one may see now, alas, most easily, in museums.

The poetry of the Pleiade introduces us more directly perhaps than any other aspect of French art to that simple outdoor life of the field, farm, apiary, and herb-garden which is inseparable from the French Kultur as to be trailed even over the terrible productions of the Court at Versailles. For even though it may be under a perverse and cynical aspect, the country life is there—pathetically enough in the Petit Trianon, for instance.

It is doubtful whether to look upon these palatial farmyards as the result of perverse seeking-out of alien sensation, or a genuine longing for simplicity by victims of a boring materialism.

At any rate there remains something essentially of the country, something unutterably provincial, even about the most astounding artificialities of this epoch, and one feels sometimes, in looking at them, that the true aristocracy of France is to be found among the peasants... or perhaps, that what one admires in the aristocratic ideal are just those qualities that have least to do with ostentation or wealth-consciousness.

In the magazine *Bon Ton,* one has seen designs by M. Boutet de Monvel than which nothing could well be more typical of French art, more refined, or farther removed from the city drawing room. They are designs for the garments of women who can superintend the cuisine of a chateau that is half a farm, but also of a woman who is at ease in a salon.

It is true that generally speaking the French genius is not concerned with immense proportions, as is the Italian. It is not the function of an exquisite thing to be large, (horrible large violets!), nor of monumental work to be exquisite, (Milan Cathedral!).

It is, however, equally true that when the French genius has expressed itself largely, it has as a rule been intelligent enough to realize the foregoing truisms.

In painting, the matter is a little different. There is really very little that one would call exquisite in the bulk of French painting. Even if it be not on a large scale, one feels that these often tiny things have a largeness of manner that amounts to the same thing. There is as rarely anything dainty as exquisite.

French painters can, it is true, fail on occasion in a more extravagant way than almost any one. We have to go no farther than the Pantheon to see that; but this has nothing to do with French genius, it belongs to that counterfeit, or as Dr. Garnett puts it, "counterpoise" that "strives to lose itself and release itself in continual rhetoric and emotional positions." In spite of all this, even here we are obliged to see the workmanlike manner of its accomplishment.

When the supreme expression comes at last, as in Chavannes, there is not only no question of the general national tendency...as of an exquisite simplicity ...interfering with the particular needs of the occasion, but we are assured that it will even find in the new test an avenue of escape by means of which to enlarge those very qualities themselves.

There is surely nothing more utterly French in the best sense, than the best work of Chavannes, and there is certainly nothing in French art that is so universal in feeling. It sums up in one broad survey the whole range of artistic endeavor from Egypt to Monet, and does not include one element that is out of mode as mural decoration.

The Impressionists have their little place along the banks of the Seine and Oise, where they are at home; but they would not appear of much account in Cairo or Teheran.

A Chavannes wall, however, and one may say, too, a Giotto wall, would, one feels instinctively, be as refreshing and as right in the new State buildings of Pekin, San Francisco or Stockholm.

You may say that this is entirely irrelevant, but there is no doubt that in the future it will be the test for all the biggest work and it will be the highest tribute to any nation that it has produced work of universal appeal. And this is the great reason above all for the study of French art in America, for American art must necessarily be a world art. It is the legitimate heir not only of all the ages, but of all the countries, and it is that school, "upon which all the ends of the world are come" for a great refreshing and revivification: to be made into something new and strange in which we shall all recognize our own longings and ideals perfected and completed. In the work, then, of Chavannes, we seem to see the apotheosis of all that is implied by the French Genius; even its exquisiteness on suitable occasions. In that virginal figure of "Hope," for instance, seated with the lightness of a flower petal and the precision of a goddess in some Attic relief, her wide eyes gazing forward for ever in complete trust and expectancy of good, the delicate echoing of the rhythm in field and distant village implying with the hint of evening bells, the more haunting and melancholy entanglements from which, those wide eyes know quite well, she will at some time escape.

Debussy uses his faint and atmospheric color with a similar precision and with a like breadth, though perhaps on a smaller scale. Quite analagous though different enough in subject matter, is the song, "Les Cloches." The hues, as always in the best French art, are very severe, very delicate and strange, murmuring of willows and of sandy shallows strewn with their yellow leaves. Its tonality tends to be faint and monotonous, avoiding the crude changes of violent notes that mar so much that is well-intentioned in recent American art. It harks back to the scale of sage green, lilac, and all manner of buffs and biscuit colors; of tones of rusty rose with intenser hue in the blues always; the quiet and aristocratic hues that can be the most intense without being too importunate. And over all these and through them, showers of pale gold or golden interstices as of a shaded trellis with a misty sunset seen between the vines. All as far removed

from the average French atelier as Luynes and Tarascon are from Paris.

The Parisian accent of Benjamin Constant and J. P. Laurens has as little to do with the true French genius as the *petit diners* of the Parisian demimonde have to do with du Bellay's evening omelette flavored with chopped chervil or summer savory out of the fragrant herb-patch over the wall.

You cannot appreciate French art in Paris alone, though you may get a certain sense of its workmanship there. Foreign students are beginning to see this and are migrating more and more to Fontainbleau, Pont Aven, Brittany or Provence.

For just as there is nothing more universal and sane than French art at its best, there is nothing also more local and petty than the Salon at its average. Hitherto it is this superficial trick of style, fostered by the Academics, that has been very largely acquired by the visitors who have not taken the trouble to go more deeply into fundamentals; but already the reaction has begun, and the deeper he goes, the more clearly does the student see that all art is one in aim if diverse in achievement; and that nationality in art is one of those illusions that need hinder us no longer from that broad view which embraces the whole world's beauty in its gaze.

* * *

Preference

By VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE.

I have loved quiet places
And patches of blue sky
Better than the faces
Of people passing by;

I have found night and morning,
With little noons between,
Fairer than adorning
Of any earth-born queen,

And rivers that are taking
Their tired hearts to the sea
I'll never be forsaking
For human company.

Precursors

By HENRY McCULLOUGH.

TILL the full moon we plowed the whale's path; sang Skald the Singer.

Till the full moon the sea-swans breasted the wave-lash.

Then came we to a broad river;

Our oars bent like bow-shafts.

"Oh aye, t'was back-breaking work. The current was hard," grumbled Othlin the Weasel-eyed.

Then came we to the grey-walled town;

There was much blood running.

"There I broke my strong ax," bellowed Sigurth the Braggart, "against their spiked gates, while they poured boiling oil upon us from the turrets. Those Frenchmen who will not come out and fight like men!" He tipped back his head and drank long from his ox-horn and red wine; an ox-horn polished and gold trimmed and supported by two golden frogs. From the head of the table Erdswulf the Raven watched him with black eyes.

Round the table walked Clotilde, the daughter of Erdswulf, for whom the Braggart had gone on the sea-faring. She filled the wine horns of the warriors. As she poured the wine she laughed at the jests of the home-comers and tossed back her long braids. She filled her father's cup—that was the skull of his enemy Hackmer. She brought wine to Othlin the Weasel-eyed and to Burgard the Thief, and to the others until she came to the foot of the great table where the prisoner sat—the Frenchman, whom they had placed there as a jest. He was as tall as any of them and dressed in black garments. She stared at him curiously. He looked at her and smiled a little; there was no fear in his eyes. His wine-cup was full.

In the open space we fought merrily.

There we heaped the dead men.

Our swords flashed like sunbeams.

"The braggart fought well there," said Burgard the Thief, who wore his hair loose because his ears had been cut off, "until we others came at them from the side, slyly, and many of them died."

"Aye, I fought well," cried the Braggart, and scratched among the hairs on his great chest. "I killed ten men. My sword went through their armor as through a full wine-skin. I chopped them down."

There was much booty of gold and silver;

Fine clothes we heaped in the market-place;

White cloths were stained with the wine that we drank.

There was fire and smoke and the screams of women.

Their shouts made the great hall quiver. The Braggart tore great handsful of meat from the roast and crammed them into his mouth. Erdswulf, the Raven, cracked the bones with his teeth to suck the marrow. At the foot of the table the Frenchman ate quietly and smiled at the Norsemen. He poured water in his wine. Clotilde stood by the Braggart's chair and lis-

tened to his talk. Under the table the dogs quarreled among the rushes.

"When there was none to stop us, we plundered the town. Those Frenchmen had riches, gold and silver and in their churches were glorious flagons and strange cross things with pretty stones in them. We took what we wanted and the rest we left out of charity—our galleys were small." Clotilde laughed merrily and clapped her hands.

"And what of him?" she cried, pointing to the prisoner. "Did he fight well?"

"Fight? He did not fight at all—"

"And you say he is a great man in his land?"

"Aye. He is the leader of them all, a baron. They ought to pay well to get him back. And I could break their Baron with my two hands."

The wine was affecting the Braggart. He stretched out his great, hairy arms and flexed the muscles of them. Clotilde stroked them admiringly. The Braggart was a monstrous man, second only in size to Erdswulf the Raven, who glowered from his high place at the head of the table.

"We took him without a blow. They told us that their leader was in the castle and we went there. There was none to admit us so we went in. We went up a long staircase in a turret with our swords in our hands, for we expected every minute to find him on those curved stairs. It would have been an awkward place to fight. Up and around we went till we come to the round room where he sat—reading in a book. Him the Baron of them! Dressed in black! He was surprised at our coming."

"He is a woman," said the Raven as he drank from the skull of his enemy Hackmer.

"They told us that he had been a great fighter."

"And he is young yet—" said Clotilde.

"Aye, but now he does not fight; he reads books. So I broke his head." Clotilde looked at the Frenchman and for the first time noticed that he wore around his neck a string of black beads and from the end of it hung a black cross. From time to time the stranger's long fingers crept to this rosary. His hands were very white.

Let the wine flow as flowed the blood of our enemies.

Free is the life of the sea-rover;
Riches he brings to the kings-hall.

The harp sang with a mighty discord. The table shook from the blows of heavy fists. Upon it were broken pieces of bread and torn meat: wine dripped upon the rushes. Othlin the Weasel-eyed slipped from his bench and fell among the dogs. The Braggart rose to his feet: he staggered in his walk.

"Aye, thou'rt a woman," he cried and jerked the Frenchman to his feet. The prisoner smiled.

"Thy blood is like water—bilge-water. We took thy strong town while thou wast reading a book." He spat in the lean man's face. The Frenchman went very white; his eyes flamed with anger. His hands crept to the black beads upon his breast; his lips moved. He stood quite straight without flinching.

Clotilde stared at the two and marveled. The Frenchman stood with spit upon his face—and yet he was not

afraid. Erdswulf the Raven sat at the head of the table with his chin in his hands.

"Thou goest too far, Sigurth. He has eaten our meat."

"It is not seemly for women to eat with the warriors," snarled the Braggart. "Go to thy place, woman." He struck the prisoner with his open palm, a mighty blow. The lean man fell among the wargear along the wall. Clotilde watched him as he drew himself up to his knees, his hand upon the rosary. Slowly she stole to his side till she saw his eyes; they were shining with happiness. She bent over to look into his face. He smiled to her; his fingers slipped along the beads, his lips moved.

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

Clotilde walked to the side of her father's chair, her head bowed, thinking.

"Father, I would make the next seafaring to the land of the French."

Erdswulf sat with his chin on his clenched hands. After a time he bowed his head.

* * *

At Asahi

By BABETTE DEUTSCH.

We lingered in the dingy, deserted room;
Twin threads of smoke
In dim blue aspiration rose and broke
And mingled from our casual cigarettes;
As tho our souls should float from us and touch
In that light-filtered gloom.
We were remote
From unrelenting time, and from the threats
Of the traffic-ridden city, and from the pain
Of restless argument,
From life that is so violent and vain,
And death's uncertainty.
We watched the garden, pale as glass
In orient serenity,
While twilight dwindled and was spent.
Till past the sill the soundless hour moved
And cloaked us in compassionate consent.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

By N. BRYLLION FAGIN.

GENERALLY, the number of men born with new ideas, or even capable of giving utterance to anything out of the ordinary course, is infinitesimal," says the student Raskolnikoff in that penetrating masterpiece of Dostoyevsky, "Crime and Punishment." And generally, one might add, the number of men capable of understanding this infinitesimal number of men with new ideas is almost just as infinitesimal. It has taken more than a half-century for the most intellectual portion of the world to appreciate the message of the hectic genius who penned Raskolnikoff's statement. The man lived and died in sorrow and poverty, with his moments of local triumph and years of suffering, and only now, forty years after his death, his soul, through the voluminous pages of his works, marches through the world with a majesty and a reverence which immortality alone can inspire.

To the year 1821 the novel owes the birth of two of its greatest geniuses. Gustave Flaubert and Fyodor Dostoyevsky have done more for the evolution of the modern novel than most literary historians have so far credited them with. Indeed, the similarity in the destinies of both is so striking in some respects as to seem almost fatalistic. Born in the same year each lived to open new vistas of literary creation, to suffer of epilepsy, and to die about the same time—Flaubert in 1880 and Dostoyevsky in 1881. But this is where the similarity ends. The Frenchman never did feel the whip of poverty; his temperament was peaceful and elegant; his pessimism, intellectual; his message, a detached naturalism, precise and refined; while the unfortunate Russian was bruised by all the buffets that life at its cruelest and vilest is capable of —starvation, imprisonment, exile, even the threat of summary extinction, and the heritage of criminal propensities and disease—and yet through all this he came out, as if through a purgatory, cleansed and ecstatic. His work bears the impress of violent emotions, of sublime fits of penetration and revelation, of inspired clairvoyance.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky was born October 30, 1821, in Moscow, in a hospital for the poor. His father, a military surgeon, was a drunkard and a tyrant, who finally met his end at the hands of some peasants who smothered him with carriage cushions. His elder brother, Michail, died of an unspeakable disease. His younger brother, Nikolai, was a drunkard. His sister Barbara accumulated a great deal of wealth, and was murdered because of her miserliness.

Such was Dostoyevsky's stock! And no one knew better its degeneracy and the yearning of puny souls striving futilely to break through it, to reach the rays of the healing sun, than Dostoyevsky himself. His colossal "Brothers Karamazoff" testifies to this supreme knowledge of his. His whole family is there, pitilessly rendered in his charac-

teristic style, with a passion and a fury, a contempt and a compassion of which he alone of all the masters in universal literature was capable. There is the father, a veritable incarnation of sensuality; the son Dmitri, with all his libertine instincts and impulses and great tenderness of heart; there is the other son, Ivan, sullen and Hamletish, a puzzle to himself and to others, a combination of "Faust and Don Juan in one person," as Professor Mazaryk calls him; and there is the youngest son, Alyosha, directing his eyes to saintliness, animated by a ravishing desire to salvage the wounds of existence, and all the time in panic at the vague rumblings in his blood...

His own life was a series of misfortunes and contradictions. He married a woman of whose faithlessness he had positive proof. Then there was a German fraulein who deserted him for a Frenchman. When his wife died he married again, a little girl half his age. He wrote in the most outspoken way of prostitution and unbridled life generally, believing that the victims of carnal impulses and a callous criminal society cried aloud to a dozing God, and that every recess in the human soul and in the cesspool of existence was a theme for the artist, yet he forbade his youthful wife to read erotic novels. He spent four years of Siberian exile, was once even condemned to death, for socialist activities, yet he died a confirmed reactionary. He idealized the despised and the insulted of the earth, the ragged and the dirty, yet he himself affected the manners of the exalted, dressed himself painstakingly and scented his hair with cologne. He died in abject poverty and was followed to his grave by forty thousand mourners.

And now the literary world is celebrating the close of the centenary of the birth of this paradox of a man. For the world has inherited out of his contradictions and his foibles, his weaknesses and his fortuitous persecutions the wealth of his visions. Fyodor Dostoyevsky is the one great novelist who has been able to strike off fiery lyrics out of the agonized chaos of existence. The riddle of life—with which all genuine literature, and Russian literature especially, is saturated—has through his pen become transmuted and ennobled. Dostoyevsky has gone down to the darkest places, into the obscurest nooks of mind and matter, of impulse and urge, of vice and sublimity, and out of it all he has woven a passionate symphony, hard and irregular, rising to heights of intense terror and tenderness. Dostoyevsky is often crude, melodramatic, lurid, but never cold, and always the supreme psychologist, the prober of the obscure, the impassioned analyst of revolting forces that "normal" people are pleased to call "pathological."

Strange that the great contribution of this morbid vivisectionist of human souls, of this wallower in the muck of the world, in prisons and brothels and slums, should be a frenzied tenderness. Strange to normal denizens of the globe, possessed of fine aesthetic sensibilities and sound theories of art and life! Even the melancholy Turgeniev was highly outraged by the work of his epileptic contemporary. "What a sour smell!" he is said to have exclaimed, "What a vile hospital odor! What idle scandal! What a psychological mole-hole!" But

it remained for this psychological mole to love humanity with a Christ-like ecstasy. Who that has read "Crime and Punishment" can forget the dramatic prostration of Raskolnikoff at the feet of the little prostitute and his cry: "I do not bow to you personally, but to suffering humanity in your person?" Sonia, the personification of a degraded, prostituted humanity, whose hand no respectable woman marrying for money or a home would deign to take, is pure at heart and innocent of soul as a frail infant just expelled from the womb of time.

Dostoyevsky could love with a holy fervor because he could suffer. "Suffering is part and parcel of extensive intelligence and a feeling heart," says the same Raskolnikoff. Suffering brutalizes, but it also makes men gentle, keen, forgiving. The welling sympathy for the oppressed and disinherited of the earth that Dostoyevsky felt did not spring from mere good-nature. He was spawned in the dirt; he lived with his "Poor People" and "The Obsessed" and "Netotchka Nezvanova," he came up from the "Underground" and "The Dead House," and he knew as no one else that the spirit of man is nowhere as virile as in the misery and the dirt, seeking its God, helplessly stretching itself toward the light. Among the sick and tortured, the harlots and the murderers and the drunkards he found truth, love and brotherhood. Their suffering lifted them above the pretensions and the simulations, the pettinesses and snobberies of the balanced and happy. They debauch and they drink, but they know their unworthiness. They are humble before their God and their conscience. And in this humbleness lies their redemption.

"Do you think, publican," says the drunkard Marmeladoff, "that your half-bottle has given me any pleasure? It was sadness, sadness and tears, that I sought and tasted at the bottom of this flagon; but He who has had pity on all men and sees all hearts, will have pity on us..... At the last day He will come and ask, 'Where is the girl who had compassion on her earthly father, and did not turn away in disgust from the habitual drunkard? Where is the girl who sacrificed herself to an unkind consumptive stepmother, and children who were not her own flesh and blood?... Draw nigh,' He will say to us, 'draw nigh, ye drunkards, ye cowards, ye dissolute men.' And we shall draw nigh without trembling. And then He will say unto us: 'Ye are sots! Ye bear the mark of the beast on your foreheads, yet ye come unto me.' And the wise and intelligent will say: 'Lord, wherefore dost thou receive these?' And He will answer: 'I receive them, O ye wise and intelligent men, because not one of them thought himself worthy this favor.' "... ("Crime and Punishment").

Dostoyevsky is not pleasant reading. His novels have little polish. They are morbid and harrowing. There is blood in them, and tears, and a hurricane of emotions. Only the coarse and the brave who are not afraid to soil their fine clothes can go down with him into the bowels of life and come up hale and refreshed, with music in their hearts and a vision much enlarged. For Dostoyevsky's pen was clumsy and grim and nude—like Life itself—like the soul of his own sublime "Idiot"!

Alvisi Contarini

By ARTHUR SYMONS.

Alvisi Contarini slaying Christ
Swore in his beard: "I am a melon sliced."
Venice his vision seized. A shadow fell
As if from the up-hoisted abyss of hell
On the dead waters of the dead lagoon.
A lighted lantern covered up the Moon,
And round the lantern in a circle spun
The idlest wheels that ever turned the sun.
Beside Alvisi's side a woman stood,
Masked, and her cloak seemed dabbled as with blood,
And in her eyes an Oriental heat;
Hardly she stopped the dancing of her feet;
But when she laid her hand on him he turned
As if the sword within his scabbard burned.
On his left side a dainty minion stept,
A man's woman, a thing such always kept—
A thing I say and nothing but a thing—
For revels, when not closeted with the king.
He was love's own choice, with his painted skin
And subtle lips that sucked some secret in
And in the burning pallor of his cheeks
Trembled each ardent nerve that ever seeks
For what it longs for, what it never finds.
Two spirits these, imaginative minds
That change imaginations: she, Sin's bride,
And she the Spirit of the stagnant tide
The wild winds stir in Venice. Waves her fan
The masked girl and the man—I mean the man—
Needs never a choice. Each takes his arm; one goes
This way or that, knowing that if dawn rose
One of the three, before dawn leaves her bed,
By Christ's or Satan's mercy, must be dead.

New York Letter

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER.

THE autumn season in The Big Town, as Ring Lardner satirically insists on calling it, started with a rush.

"Erik Dorn" opened the hullaballooing. That "narsty-beautiful" piece of determined pessimism—"like fireworks in a latrine," one of my critical friends described it—put on the tongue of all followers of the printed word the question: "Say, who thell is this Ben Hecht, anyway?" It was very gratifying for me to be able to answer: "Well, he's a brilliant human-interest writer of the Chicago *Daily News*—I've known him for five years—he's twenty-eight, flip-plant, sardonic, has written plays, stories for *Smart Set* and *Little Review;* went to Berlin immediately after the armistice ; plays the violin extraordinarily; puts out a story a day for the *Daily News;* has at least one more novel ready to shoot when the shooting is good (the name is 'Gargoyle,' and it will be, I understand, even 'wilder' than 'Erik Dorn'), and swears he never, never will 'compromise with the public taste.'" "Dorn" set the Village absolutely crazy, and went big elsewhere, but seems to have slowed down.

Then, of course, along came "Three Soldiers," which gave the public the opportunity to see what it truly means to be "in the army now," and "not behind the plow." It also offered the opportunity to Coningsby Dawson, the w. k. war-praiser, to reveal himself as a person of considerably more earnestness than judgment. His bombastic flaying of "Three Soldiers" gave exactly the requisite impetus to sales and controversy. For several weeks the fur flew in all directions. Leader of the denunciators was the revered *Times,* which went so far as to say, in editorials, that only four kinds of persons would like Dos Passos' book: Pacifists, disgruntled soldiers, pro-Germans, and (this is the joke) "readers indifferent to what is written, so long as it is well written." This last class receives the same condemnation from the *Times* as the other three. Isn't it wonderful? You didn't know such exquisite dumbells still existed, did you? Well, the book started off immediately on a hot-cake sale; it has not slowed down appreciably; the controversy has quieted, but for some weeks one found excited groups of intelligentsia and human beings alike quarreling violently over whether the pussy-footers and flag-wavers should be boiled in their own lard or shoveled down the oubliette.

Meanwhile, guffaws loud or tempered were greeting a piece of burlesque which was great or not too good, depending upon whether you took the South Seas *cum grano salis,* or hard and seriously. The ringleaders of the Coffee House group, headed by the veteran humorist, George Chappell, had just perpetrated "The Cruise of the Kawa." This take-off (if you have seen the pictures—!) poked fun and other things at Tahitian splendors. Heywood Broun, Charles Hanson Towne, Frank Crowninshield, the urbane *Van-*

ity Fair editor; George Putnam, Margaret Severn, the dancer, and others interesting and decorative had gone to the beach near Rye, N. Y., attired in trick costumes, some of which resembled scanty advertisements of shredded wheat, and enacted Marquesan satire before the all-seeing camera of Will Beebe, the expert Jungleer. Chappell, as Walter Traprock, wrote the text. There were innumerable dinners for the intrepid captain, at which Frederick O'Brien thanked one and all for the ad, and "hoopa" was served fluently. Don Marquis conveyed challenges for a snake-race down Fifth Avenue from his client, Captain Fitzurse. Chappell has toured the surrounding country, giving lectures on South Sea habits and relaxations, penetrating even as far as Yale University. The whole affair has been jolly and enlightening.

Speaking of Broun and Marquis reminds me that "Seeing Things at Night," Broun's reprint of articles in various publications, shows just why he is the most generally popular writer in the city. His stuff may not always be strictly authoritative, but it never fails to be tremendously interesting, quaintly humorous, and gently pleasant. He has found a wider field for his activities since leaving the *Tribune* for the *World,* and is enhancing his reputation all the time. Lord, these colyumists and their peregrinations! F. P. A., so the generally accepted story has it, departs to join Broun on the *World* some time around the New Year, whereupon Marquis will abandon the *Sun* for the *Tribune.* Percy Hammond, who used to be the Mentor of Chicago theatrical criticism, is having a mean time filling Broun's shoes on the *Tribune.* One hears growls. Here's hoping he gets along better, for he is a pleasant fellow, even though he does write in a style considerably similar to that of the Encyclopedia Brittanica.

No sooner had the Kawa episode become customary news than the "Mirrors of Washington" caused some discomfort to Eminent Politicians, and acrimony to Edward G. Lowry, who had been painstakingly preparing exactly that sort of comment, under the title, "Washington Closeups." The "Mirrors" took all the wind out of Lowry's sales (help!), which is rather a shame, because Lowry's book is really better. Much speculation over the identity of the anonymous "Mirrors" author has resulted in no information so far.

The next event was the publication of "The Beginning of Wisdom." This Blue Side of Paradise was Stephen Vincent Benet's first venture outside of poetry. It is loosely constructed, showing the influence of Fitzgerald a bit (denied by Benet), and of Compton MacKenzie considerably. Also, of course, there is a great deal that is intrinsically the work of a scholar-lyricist. Hasty characterization, redeemed by bursts of beautiful writing. Benet shows more promise, it seems to us, than any of the younger writers, even Fitzgerald. He has just sold his second novel, a four-part serial, to *Harper's Bazar.* Watch that Magazine, by the way. Henry Blackman Sell, who led the Chicago *Daily News'* book page to the eminence on which it is being maintained by Harry Hansen, is editing it with the avowed purpose of printing the best of the younger writers.

So much for literary events, except for the passing mention of "Second

April," which placed Edna St. Vincent Millay almost beyond question or denial (at least, around these parts), as the foremost American woman poet. Incidentally, E. A. Robinson's "Collected Poems" gives one a chance to see comparatively the works of that extraordinary poet.

Leaping, as it were, to the stage, I am sure that I am making a more or less universal comment when I say that this has started out to be the worst theatrical season in many years. There have been more flops so far than Charlie Chaplin has taken in his entire life. I went to the Lambs' Club the other evening, and a well-acquainted actor pointed out twenty-five excellent actors out of jobs, and he said that the situation was only hinted at by that display.

Out of the welter of bad shows, however, a number of good plays have stood. "The Circle," that mordant high-comedy by Somerset Maugham, equipped with an all-star cast, consisting of Mrs. Leslie Carter, John Drew, Ernest Lawford and Estelle Winwood, is delighting capacity houses; at least half of which sport hard-boiled shirts. Even the "proletariat," however, are responding to this bitter, sophisticated, amusing play. "A Bill of Divorcement," the brilliant work of the young English novelist, Clemence Dane, started slowly, but has developed into full swing. It is a serious play, and has given Allen Pollock the opportunity to show how even a shell-shocked good actor can outplay mediocre proteans in perfect physical trim. Janet Beecher does remarkably well with a most unsympathetic part, but is completely overshadowed by one Katherine Cornell, a youngster who has leaped to recognition from comparative obscurity. The other serious play which has made a fair success is "Ambush," at the Theatre Guild. This is the tragedy of a Jersey clerk, a sordid affair redeemed by excellent writing very much in the Eugene O'Neill tradition, and the superlative acting which has come to be associated with Guild productions. The Guild, it seems to me, is the most worth-while theatrical organization in the country. I never expected to see anything which smacked so of a highbrow "movement" keep away from the sort of thing that the Poetry Society of America has always been—i. e., a sort of twittering, fussy bore. But the Guild goes on, giving some of the best plays with some of the best acting in the city. "Liliom" bids fair to rival "The First Year" for longevity.

Musical shows have come and gone with amazing celerity. So far "Shuffle Along" has held out since last April, and goes more strongly as the days pass. This show, as you undoubtedly know, is written by negroes and played by negroes, with wonderful flock of colored jazz-hounds interpreting a score which contains more hits than all of the other musical pieces in town put together. Add to howling comedy and rollicking music, a vim and a pep which only negroes enjoying themselves are blessed with, and you have the explanation of why a dingy little music hall on 63rd Street is jammed with society and cognoscenti as well as Broadwayers. The Greenwich Village Follies may be characterized by the phrase "prettier and dirtier," the filth of the humor does not succeed in bedimming Murray Anderson's gorgeous setting, and so that re-

vue is still prospering. Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies were apparently too diluted to stand the gaff, and departed after a brief showing. "Sally," with Marilyn Miller, Leon Errol, and Walter Catlett still sells all its good seats at Tysons, and I understand that another company, with different stars, is being organized for the sole purpose of accommodating crowds during the holiday season. An incomprehensible situation. Plays of various kinds failing all around, and two companies playing one musical show in the same city. Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue" is still successful, despite somewhat watery material. Perhaps the explanation of these few musical successes lies in the fact that money has evidently been spent in trunk-fulls on beauty. The costumes and settings of both the successful revues are talked about more than any other feature.

Many of the failures have been due to obvious lack of merit. I wonder if there has ever been a more idiotic production than "Tarzan of the Apes." A poetic drama, "Swords," went up because the verse was doggerel and the play, too much like "The Jest," did not have a Barrymore. Clare Eames did her best to warm up her statuesque beauty. "March Hares" I really hated to see benched. There was a comedy too sophisticated for even determinedly blasé New York.

I spoke of O'Neill a paragraph or so above. I understand that "The Emperor Jones" is doing well on the road, although Baltimore, inhospitable to a colored star, greeted it with booes. His "Anna Christie," which opened only recently, apparently is going to be another success. It contains much more humor than usual in one of that disillusioned young man's grim slices of reality. "The Straw," which is opening in a few days, I do not believe will be successful. I cannot see how the details of a case of tuberculosis can find response with a New York audience, no matter how poetic may be the idea involved in the characters' lives. O'Neill is, of course, generally considered the white hope of the American stage, but I do think he should keep away from the white plague.

From the stage to the menagerie is but a step, and at least three visiting lions arrived during the past month. H. G. Wells, sad to say, has remained in his secluded cage at the office of the World, and has not appeared to any extent in public. J. C. Squire and A. P. Herbert stayed for a week in the city, and created a most favorable impression. The editor of the London Mercury, antiquarian, gentle appreciator of literature, and pleasant parodist that he is has adopted the attitude best calculated to endear himself with America. He criticizes nothing violently, he overpraises nothing, he is filled with a healthy curiosity. Mr. Herbert, being younger, comes out of his shell somewhat more, and makes a jolly vis-á-vis.

The one event of the present is Bookman Week. John Farrar has revealed himself as not only an editor of considerable ability, but an excellent impressario. Down at Wanamaker's auditorium, he has adapted the Chicago Mrs. Hahner's idea to the uses of a city which apparently contains a wealth of literary persons and huge crowds of those interested in seeing what authors look like and what they have to say per-

sonally. A number of us young fellers were herded on to the platform the other day, and made, I am sure, a sorry appearance trying to defend ourselves against the somewhat condescending remarks of Henry Seidel Canby and a Professor Erskine. Donald Ogden Stewart, Stephen Vincent Benet, John Peale Bishop, Dana Burnet, Dorothy Speare, Henry Blackman Sell, and myself could not, I am sure, rival the suavity and fluency of the elderly academician and the cautious editor. But I do believe that we convinced the audience of one fact, namely that we are *alive*.

Mr. Farrar is doing big things for both writers and public, and I would like to see his example followed in every city of the country.

* * *

Unquiet

By WALTER McCLELLAN.

I shall not come with windy night,
Nor in the fall of rain
Upon the town;
But I will come again

At torrid noon of some white day
When river, levee, air,
Beneath the sun
Lie glittering and bare.

Here I shall know sunlight on walls,
And on magnolia trees;
And go once more
With Death away from these;

The hands of Death about my brow,
Lest in my awful eyes
His quiet dead
Should look—and stir and rise.

Kreymborg's Letter

Rome, Italy.

NOW that we are in Rome, one might continue the enthusiastic strain of one's letter from Como, but I realize that raptures concerning a given environment are displeasing and nauseating to those who do not share it, especially if they are several thousand miles away. As a matter of fact, one's first impression of Rome, particularly if one has the remnants of an ego left over from America, is liable to be depressing, for the great part of this city and empire with its multiform relics, historical, artistic and religious, weigh rather heavily upon the back of one who tries to feel his way forward. Outside the new symphonic movement in Italy and the sporadic appearances of art and poetry, Italian art of the present time seems to be carrying a similar burden. Coming from timorous America, one sees less occasion for American artists to be shy than for the Italians of the present era. In our case, we have no stupendous tradition and veritable superhuman exemplars thereof to bury us underneath all possible movement, however tentative. The Italian symphonic dream is all the more noteworthy under the circumstances and is deserving of the encouragement it is receiving from other countries.

One has already read in America, usually hospitable to foreign music, about Casella, Malipiero, Pizzetti, and the other representatives of the symphonic renaissance here. I had the good fortune of meeting Alfredo Casella, the mouthpiece of the movement, just before his departure for our shores and of hearing him play privately some of his own piano compositions: a delicious series of pieces for children—only to be played by grown-ups! They are well worth the investigations of pianists who are at all fond of and not scared by modern idioms, for these pieces are distinctly an Italian variation on the mode of Debussy. They recall Debussy's "Coin des Enfants," and if anything, are even more ironical than, for example, the Gradus ad Parnassum of that group. Technically, they are extremely difficult of execution, but the labor devoted to these tiny pieces would be repaid. Casella is to conduct various symphony orchestras in the east and middle-west and will devote whole programs to his fellow countrymen. He will also give several piano recitals which I can vouch will reveal fresh beauty from a country which has given us an overdose of opera and of late years very little of the music for which it was at one time the inspiration of the musical world.

Our American venture, *Broom*, has been established here in offices overlooking the Pincio, an Egyptian obelisk, St. Peter's, and in the distance the everlasting Tiber. Just below us, in an old yellow house, lies the room in which John Keats died. (I do not add this simple sentence by way of drawing any symbolical comparisons!) And not far beyond, the house in which Shelley composed "Prometheus Unbound" and the "Cenci." We discovered our office before we encountered these noble relics.

Rather than commit the breach of advertising *Broom,* I prefer to refer you to its first romantic issue which went over in a recent Italian boat-load bound for New York and points north, south and west. A broom is hardly a missile for overturning and straightening out Rome, but perhaps it can do a little work back home in some of the nooks and crannies that have been overlooked or neglected by our housewives and other critics.

Keeping up with the American trend here, I have to inform you, and it gives me pleasure to do so, that we have as our associate an Italian gentleman, formerly the editor of the leading modern Italian magazine, *La Voce,* who is undertaking the publication in Italian of the books of Edgar Lee Masters, beginning with "Spoon River." "Spoon River" will find appropriate soil here because these Italians and their Rome have some experience with and understanding of graveyards and the folk who occupy them. Masters himself was here some months ago to supervise the interment. And thus the business of interpreting America on European soil, in forms more substantial than the politico-economico, progresses—and in this case, the man to be thanked is Guiseppe Prezzolini.

I have not as yet met Marinetti or his brother futurists. They are away on vacations, doubtless taking exercise preparatory to their next campaign to be unloaded upon unsuspecting Italian cities, always as oblivious of what may happen tomorrow as this eternally blue Californian sky. It is the most naive-looking eye in the world—and yet?

The high-water mark of personal encounters in Europe was enjoyed by your correspondent at the hospitable hands of Gordon Craig. He has been living in Italy for something like fifteen years and like so many distinguished Englishmen before him, has more or less turned his back on his own country and made his domicile here. He lives in the same small town in the Italian Riviera as Max Beerbohm, also an old inhabitant. They are, in fact, next-door neighbors. For me to recount all the small marvels of the theatre housed in that one small villa would require a few reams of paper. There has been a rumor recently that Craig would come to New York for a season of productions, but this, alas, has been unaccountably quashed. This is distinctly regrettable, more so than mere words can convey. A visit from this leading man of the theatre would greatly stimulate as well as draw together pioneer production in our country. Fortunately, there are still one or two underground channels working toward this aim and another season may have better news to report. Craig is *un grand'uomo*—utterly independent—dwelling on a visionary mountain-peak—and at the same time (if the crowd but knew!) a little more human than the average, which, after all, is what makes an artist.

His next-door neighbor was ill at the time of my visit. So my only glimpse, imaginary or otherwise, of this most exquisite of satirists was had from the street below, gazing up at a balcony from which a light shone, and by the aid of which some good person was reading aloud to the invalid. Craig warned me that Beerbohm is abnormally shy (and this is not to be wondered at)—

and that he had received a note regretting that a mood of "self-pity" made it impossible for the latter to receive company. An appended invitation to call again will doubtless put me through a second twenty-four hour journey to Rapallo, and as the Italian railroad rates are most humane, I shall attempt it some day. Even were I to fail a second time—Craig in himself is worth breasting the Himalayas.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

* * *

Spirit of All Things

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

The faces on the avenue
  Are living words that flit,
And some are keen, and some are harsh
  And some are exquisite;
And there are wistful words, like dusk,
  And words as glad as day,—
And yet I feel the simple thing
  You find so hard to say.

O you whose great heart is the earth,
  With clouds that move like fears,
With hills' grey parted lips that chant
  The silence through the years,—
How can you let these faces flit?
  How can you let it be
And use so many words to speak
  Your heart's simplicity?

Reviews

THE SONG OF THE BLOOD-RED FLOWER

By JOHANNES LINNANKOSKI

(Moffat Yard Company, 1921)

AND Finland speaks— To the fast increasing list of exotic fiction is added another note, that of the Finnish. This new and startling writer, Johannes Linnankoski, could create an exquisite fairy-tale, a delightful fantasy such as we should like to see come out of the North, a prose "Kalevala," say, colored with the primitive simplicity of the people of his locality. We read his novel and marvel that such a succession of happenings is put before us as anything short of a fairy-tale. But read we do, and enjoy we do, revelling in the lightsome atmosphere, for "it may be as lovely as lovely can be but nowhere does the heart throb with delight as in Finland forests in the spring, and nowhere is such music in the air." The Cuckoo said so and the hillside nodded approvingly. It is impossible to read this book and not draw comparisons with Finland's epic poem, "Kalevala." There is something of the same magic of things and words. With the Finn, words live. It is he only knows "words that I drew from the spring of knowledge which I found by the wayside, which I detached from the branches of trees." He communes with the elements—"The cold sang me songs, the rain sang me verses, the winds of heaven, the waves of the sea made me hear their poems . . . . and all the songs I gathered together and rolled them in a skin. I carried them away in my beautiful little holiday sledge. I deposited them upon the highest shelf of my treasure house." This is the fabric from which the "Kalevala" is made.

"The Song of the Blood-Red Flower" is the story of a Finnish Don Juan, the tale of one Olaf of Koskela who is intent on the discovery of love. His adventures and amours tally in color with the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. His light o' loves he names according to the circumstance of season or scenery he associates with his first meeting of her. There is Gazelle of the springtime, and many others, until finally, Kyllikki, the water sprite, who marks the approach and the arrival of winter.

The amours and adventures are as numerous as time and opportunity afford, some of them dreamed and imaginary—some of them actual. The adventures recounted are of youth that is heedless of consequence, heedful only of the joy of the moment; of youth that has not yet experienced the working out of the law of cause and effect. Each day, each moment, is enjoyed to the fullest with no qualms for what the future may bring forth and no regrets for the past. Nonchalantly the Visionary wanders from one place to another, finding delights a-plenty but with always the ineffable Something still in the distance, still to be sought after. In the daytime there was work for the lumberman, in the evening, the quest for love and adventure. The Finnish nights are quiet nights and "the moon sits listening to the legends of the river and gazing

down into the water." Sometimes the stillness is broken by the song of the lumbermen—

"Let clodhoppers snore at their ease o' nights,
But we be lumbermen bold."

Said the fuchsia to the balsamine, "The loveliest hour? Why now, give me the night—it is the best of all." And to Olaf Koskela it is the time of joy and mystery. Gazelle, Pansy, Rowan, Clematis and Daisy of the spring, summer and autumn: each is as important as Life itself for the time being, but each is as easily forgotten as she was easily loved.

But the years pass and there seems to be no lasting thing in spite of eventful days. Pleasures lightly taken lose their charm and there is little of importance to identify himself with as time goes on. He looks in the glass and discovers he is no longer a boy. "Look once more—a little closer" urges the glass. "Can't you see anything?" And he sees two dark furrows under his eyes.

"Is it possible?" he shudders.

"Is it any wonder?" says the glass coldly.

After the long, hysterical years, he returns to Koskela, to the farm from which he was turned by his father, now dead. After the death of his mother he determines to compensate for the lost years. In the forest he tries to win back the years in which he had not held an axe. As he works, happiness comes.

"Well, how does it feel?" ask the trees, as he sits down to rest.

With characteristic audacity he suddenly writes to Kyllikki, asking her to marry him though she has not heard from him since their parting some time before. After their marriage the calm of the average life settles down on them and a future of uninterrupted happiness seems in store for them. But the recklessness of his early life comes out of the past in the form of the once lovely Rowan and accuses and taunts him that he is contented and happy with no thought for the tragedy-of-lives that was of his making.

Circumstance permits him a glimpse after his marriage into the lives of others of the girls who had figured in his life, and for a time the past seems about to close in on him and consume him. But with Don Juanish facility he explains things satisfactorily to his conscience and manages to find fragments enough of happiness to make an existence.

The early part of this vivid book is quite nearly a poem; the atmosphere of the Finnish woodlands is languid and dream-challenging, while each ecstatic episode appears in the picture like a bright meteor, fading in a trail of cushiony words that delight the reader. The latter half seems lame and tired as one who has fatigued himself with too great enthusiasm on the first lap of his journey, but must needs persevere until a certain allotted space is covered. However—much gratitude to Johannes Linnankoski for one Finnish springtime.

BEATRICE VAUGHAN DALE.

THE DODO SAGA

DODO, DODO'S DAUGHTER, DODO WONDERS.

By E. F. BENSON.

(*Doran*, 1921.)

MOST people have read Dodo. If not, they seldom acknowledge the fact. They laugh or look wise and make vague, safe comments on Archbishop's sons or the great change in Mr. Benson's style, and let it go at that. For practically everyone knows enough about "Dodo" to hazard a few remarks. After thirty years some people can still speak of it with a certain scornful contempt. However, they read it—and, what is more, *they still remember it.* Not every Dodo of the minute can be Dodo for a generation. Novels of the day before yesterday are easily forgotten.

When Mr. Benson created Dodo—by the way, he did create her; the book was written, finished, before he had the pleasure of meeting Miss Margot Tennant for the first time—he did a very daring thing. For the book was an experiment, a new departure in style and treatment. And he was doubtful. But the ayes had it and "Dodo" became the rage. Whether one liked it or not, one read it. He established a precedent, and coined many quite inimitable phrases that have been duly appreciated by other writers. (Read "Dodo" again if you don't believe it.) He gave us a society novel—"a detail of the day"—in which the author stood back without comment and allowed his characters to speak for themselves. He did not egg them on, as it were, and interrupt them with sly observations and deductions of his own.

He let Dodo talk—incessantly—and when she paused to catch her breath, Edith talked. Delightful, ridiculous, lovable Edith! They are both alive, vivid, and so are most of the minor characters. But Chesterford is unconvincing at times; Jack is vague; and Prince Waldenech simply is not there at all.

Surely everyone remembers the opening scene—the announcement of Dodo's engagement and her conversation with Jack. Remembers how Dodo, fond of Jack, loving him as much as she can love anyone not herself, but greedy for position, marries his cousin. Lord Chesterford is a simple soul, dull and estimable. Dodo, of course, is neither. But she plays her part to perfection until things combine to force her hand. She finds Chesterford unutterably boring; and her baby, a comparative stranger; he is so young, dies at the height of the London season. During the three weeks of her seclusion—not her mourning—before her tempestuous reappearance in society, Jack is much in evidence. Then she has a foolish quarrel with her husband about Prince Waldenech. Finally she and Jack decide that it would be wiser to see less of one another in the future and Chesterford, a true gentleman, dies as the result of a hunting accident. But instead of marrying Jack she quarrels with him, at the last moment, about Prince Waldenech; and when he returns the next day "to make it up" he is told that—"Her Serene Highness left for Paris this morning." And that was the end of Dodo for many, many years.

Then, in the halcyon days of the Edwardian era she returned to England.

She was accompanied by a grown daughter, but minus the Prince, whom she had divorced because he proved to be rather more than less of a beast. She is the same Dodo, unchanged in spite of her troubles. Clever, kind, deliciously amusing, and with about as much capacity for real emotion as a gold-fish. Light-heartedly and joyously, she prepares to reconquer England. She succeeds, of course. No one can resist her, not even Edith. And eventually she marries Jack, as she should have done years before, and becomes Marchioness of Chesterford for the second time. In spite of Waldenech, who follows her to England, there is a triumphant wedding, with royalty present, at which Edith's music is played.

Waldenech reminds one of the Countess of Cardigan's friend—whatever his morals were, his manners were perfect. Except, that is, for his one lapse; the moment when he so far forgot himself as to indulge in a little gunplay.

This is really the story of Nadine and her friends, but Nadine's mother dominates the scene instead of remaining decorously in the background. And who can imagine Dodo in the background? The people who missed "Dodo's Daughter" missed a rare treat. It is a collection of portrait studies; some charming, some refreshingly funny, all delightful, done by the hand of a real artist. Not that Mr. Benson is always an artist, but there are certain types that he can depict with even more skill than his imitators.

And now we meet Dodo again, in the spring of 1914. She is fifty-four, has tried to wear useless horn-rimmed spectacles and be frankly middle-aged, but it was a total failure. So she rattles merrily along, not by any means a "grizzly kitten," because for one thing, she has never annexed a boy. "And nothing makes a woman look so old as that." She has settled down, in matters of affection, to loving Jack and her young son, but she does and says as much as ever. And by the end of the war has actually discovered that the world is different—*that she is different.* In everything the war has "made the most immense difference. For instance —nowadays—we're all as poor as rats, though we trot along still. Nowadays . . . we all have parlor-maids . . . Oh, that reminds me, Jack, I interviewed a butler this morning, who I think will do. He wants about a thousand a year . . ."

Perhaps one is a snob, like Dodo, but it is nice to read about people who take the amenities of daily life for granted. Who have their meals in the dining-room as a matter of course, instead of in the kitchen. Who have long, clever conversations about nothing in particular over the tea table—and continue them while other people wash the tea things. It is restful. One realizes that it is all quite archaic, that Dodo and her friends are creatures of another age—but it is a very pleasant age.

One "gets nothing" from Dodo—except amusement—and it is not a book for those who take their fiction sadly.

Even if one does not like Dodo, herself, the book is worth reading for the sake of the German royalties, Prince and Princess "Albert Hun," who run home to Cousin Willie on the eve of war. ". . . I may not say goodbye . . . to anyone; you will all think that I do not know how to behave, but I know very

well how to behave; it is Albert who is so boor. I'm crying, look, I am crying, and I do not cry easily. We have said goodbye and thank you to nobody, we are going away like burglars on the tiptoe for fear of being heard, and it is all Albert's fault. In five minutes had our things to be packed, and there was Albert's portmanteau which he was so proud of for its cheapness and made in Germany, bursting and covering Piccadilly with his pants...I could have laughed at how he was served right. All Albert's pants and his new thick vests and his bed-socks being brought in by the porter and the valets and the waiters covered with the dust of Piccadilly!... Ach! Albert would turn purple with shame if he knew you had seen his pants, and yet he is not at all ashamed of running away like a burglar. That is his Cherman delicacy."

ALICE SESSUMS LEOVY.

* *

ANDIVIUS HEDULIO

By EDWARD LUCAS WHITE.

(*E. P. Dutton & Co., New York*, 1921.)

IT was not until I had read, not every word but portions of every page of the five hundred and eighty-seven pages of Mr. White's book, that I came upon an "Afterword—from the Author to the Reader." This "Afterword," sufficiently curious in itself and interesting for the light it sheds retrospectively over the book, need not be quoted in its entirety:

"The phrasing of this book is mine; otherwise I am scarcely more responsible for it than would be a secretary who had written it out from dictation: I did not originate the plot; I did not, except a very few, invent the scenes, incidents, and episodes, or create the characters; I dreamed the entire story, and I do not mean had a vision of it while awake, but dreamed it while asleep."

I believe that this statement of Mr. White's is meant quite literally; and that it is an account of what actually occurred: I do not believe that it is an evasion of responsibility. Mr. White himself says that the phrasing of the book is his; and if the entire story—its plot, and, except a very few, its scenes, incidents, episodes and characters—is the record of a dream; that is no reason for supposing that Mr. White disclaims responsibility for his dream. "Tell me your dream; and I will tell you what you are"—as a psychoanalyist would say. Surely, no one but a man of Mr. White's special reading, and versed as he is in the archaeology and history of Imperial Rome, would ever have dreamt so literal a reproduction of that particular period.

Of so interesting an origin and with Rome in the time of Commodus for background, why is it that Hedulio's history of his adventures— (in his dream, Mr. White was identical with the protagonist of the story)—is not more interesting? It isn't that Hedulio's adventures are not numerous and astounding—they are! Perhaps the fault is that Hedulio himself is not more interesting.

Be that as it may, the chief interest of these "adventures of a Roman noble-

man in the days of the Empire" lies outside the story. As a reproduction of the "most wonderful society the ancient world ever saw, with all its splendors and its miseries," the book merits attention. Yet, even here, something is lacking. If there is anywhere in any of Hedulio's descriptions of physical objects and places, a mistake of fact or an inaccuracy of detail, I am unable to detect it. A casual acquaintance with the literature of the period, however, forces me to believe that Hedulio has expurgated his narrative. Chapter XIX, to cite only one example, I am sure he has expurgated in the interests of mid-Victorian prudery; or is this one of the few episodes that Mr. White himself has invented? At any rate, we should be grateful that no Christian martyrs are fed to the lions in the Coliseum.

LOUIS GILMORE.

A CITY IN THE FOREGROUND

By GERARD HOPKINS.
(E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"A City in the Foreground" is a first novel by a young Englishman concerning the mental struggles—the growing pains of the mind—of an Oxford youth bewildered by his own thinking and by the irritating self-assurance of his classmates. Events lead to the war, and the book ends.

Did I say events? The book suffers from a dearth of events. It is episodic, but with more analysis than episode. There are no women characters of importance, there is no love motif at all; no suspense; no unravelling of plot worth a continental. The King's English has too much side, it is overwrought, almost denatured. Indeed, there is enough in Hopkins' novel to ruin any other book.

You are conscious of patronage toward the author. He apparently didn't take the trouble by plot to help you want to finish it. If he needed a fiver badly and you gave it to him you'd feel the same glow of generosity you do when you finish his book.

And yet the book is an entertaining one, and a valuable record of pre-war university thinking. It is illuminated to an astonishing degree by its very few, but brilliantly done, episodes. Indeed— But let me generalize.

A novel is a strange old boat, whose cargo may be anything under the sun. Hopkins' boat is packed with everything —well, nearly everything—under the sun of Hopkins' universe. And fortunately, for the literary adventurer, Hopkins' universe, pictured as it is with apparent sincerity, has, like Mark Twain's too-popular frog, the usual and many rather unusual "p'ints."

SUMETT GAWN.

A MISCELLANY OF AMERICAN POETRY.

(Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

A FOOLISH virgin once went to a sage and asked him how she could persuade the obdurate editors to publish her poems. "There is but one way," she was told, "edit an anthology. Harriet Monroe has done it; William Stanley Braithwaite has done it; Louis Untermeyer has done it." Most especially has Mr.

Untermeyer done it. Of the approximately two hundred pages that comprise the "Miscellany of American Poetry," over fifty are devoted to the poems of Mr. Untermeyer (the editor) and Jean Starr Untermeyer (the editor's wife). There are people who admire Mr. Untermeyer, and they will undoubtedly think him justified in his egotism, but to us it seems an unwarranted self-indulgence. Particularly does it seem unnecessary to include verses such as the following:

I want a bed with room to spare,
Where nothing breathes, and sleep is sure;
There lust shall have a deeper sense, for there
The worm shall be my only paramour.

It had never occurred to us that worms were conducive of lust.

Mr. Untermeyer has shown a keener discrimination in his selection of the other poems in the volume. Conrad Aiken, Robert Frost, John Gould Fletcher, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, James Oppenheim, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg and Sara Teasdale are signalled out for recognition. Vachel Lindsay makes his nearest approach to a love lyric in the lines "To a Golden Haired Girl in a Louisiana Town"

You are a sunrise,
If a star should rise instead of the sun.
You are a moonrise,
If a star should come, in the place of the moon.
You are the Spring,
If a face should bloom
Instead of an apple bough.
You are my love
If your heart is as kind
As your young eyes now.

Vachel Lindsay's poems are light, whimsical, and sometimes satirical.

Many of the poems of the Miscellany are new, not only in the sense that they have not previously been issued by their authors in book form, but, with the exception of seven poems, none of them has ever appeared in print. This, of course, makes the book valuable to the student and to the lover of modern poetry.

ADALINE KATZ.

RED EARTH: POEMS OF NEW MEXICO

By ALICE CORBIN.

(*Ralph Seymour Fletcher, Chicago,* 1921.)

DIFFUSE are these poems, many of them, for all their brevity. One's search for the flash of thought or image caught in the crystal brilliance of a packed phrase is not generously rewarded. And yet one leaves the book, anxious to return to it again.

Mrs. Henderson apparently uses a minimum of poet-tricks to beguile her audience; her poems, her phrases, her words are not reminiscent, but seem strangely, distinctively, her own. The writer of this brief review has never lived in New Mexico. That fact, according to an ancient law of criticism, qualifies him particularly to judge whether the poet has caught the proper atmosphere of the state or not. At this time, at any rate, he will not be so heedless as to say she has. That Mrs. Hender-

son has caught *an* atmosphere, he insists—an atmosphere fascinatingly full of color: not rich, heavy color, but thinned, subdued—bleached by the desert sun a little, so to say—and the book is the more charming for it.

A precious book is a table, bearing rare foods which never, though one dines stoutly, diminish nor cloy. One leaves Mrs. Henderson's—or Miss Corbin's, if you will—little book with much of the satisfaction of having dined unusually well; an inner peace and a lingering memory of delicate, but irresistibly gratifying, flavors.

SUMETT GAWN.

Books Received

AND EVEN NOW, by Max Beerbohm (*E. P. Dutton Co.*)
RED EARTH, by Alice Corbin (*Ralph Seymour Fletcher, Chicago*)
MASQUE OF MORNING, by Edward Viets (*Four Seas Co.*)
TALIPUT LEAVES, by J. Thurber Wing, Jr., (*Mitchell Kennerley*).
HER WILD OAT, by Earl M. Seel (*Dorance & Co.*)
THE BEGGAR'S VISION, by Brookes Moore (*Cornhill Publishing Co.*)
ANDIVIUS HEDULIO, by Edward Lucas White (*E. P. Dutton Co.*)
EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, by William Beebe (*Henry Holt & Co.*)
WAMPUM AND OLD GOLD, by Hervey Allen (*Yale University Press*).
REVIEWS AND CRITICAL PAPERS, by Lionel Johnson (*E. P. Dutton Co.*)
ISOLATION PLAN, by William H. Blymyer (*Cornhill Publishing Co.*)
A MEDIEVAL HUN, by John L. Carleton (*Cornhill Publishing Co.*)
MADAME MARGOT, by John Bennett (*Century Co.*)
FINALITY, by David A. Curtis (*C. S. Simmerman*).
HOW AND WHY STORIES, by J. C. Branner (*Henry Holt & Co.*)
SONGS OF THE COWBOYS: *an Anthology*, by N. Howard Thorp (*Houghton, Mifflin Co*).
HUSBANDS AND WIVES, by Arthur Belleville McCord (*St. Hubert Publishing Co., Chicago*)
SHADINGS: *A Book of Verse*, by Bessie Glen Buchanan (*privately printed*).
COLUMBINE TIME, by Will Irwin (*The Stratford Co.*)
A CITY IN THE FOREGROUND, by Gerard Hopkins (*E. P. Dutton Co.*)
CHILDREN OF GOD AND WINGED THINGS, by Anne Moore (*Four Seas Co.*)
OF ALL THINGS, by Robert Benchley (*Henry Holt & Co.*)

Index to Volume II

July---December, 1921

PROSE Page

Auer, H. C., Jr.
Frank Harris 29

Armfield, Maxwell
The French Genius in Art..... 257

Bellamann, Henry
The Man Who Was Lonely..... 239

Chapman, Edith
The Ivory Tower 211

Cohn, David
A Criminal Trial in the Delta..... 20

Colum Padraic
Pigeons on the Beach..... 100

Crackanthorpe, Hubert
A Fellside Tragedy 252

De Casseres, Benjamin
To Arms! Burgundians!..... 35

Editorials
A National Magazine From the South 2
An Old Saw Refiled 5
Jaundice and the Ju-jube..... 235
Lo! The Critics 124
Pegasus and the Hobbyhorse..... 4
Politics and the Artist 126
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi..... 234
The Dead Hand 2
The Great American Novel 51
The Immortal Buffoon 234
The Immortals 120
The Imperturable Liberal 48
The Jellybean 122
The Late Discredited War 50
The Little Theatre 183
The Neglect of Form 181
The Partially Uninhibited South..... 180
The Sentimental Mr. Mencken 49
The Southern Press 6
We View With Alarm 236
Wherein We Yawn 126
Wind and Weathercocks 179

Fagin, N. Bryllion
Fyodor Dostoyevsky 267

Finger, Charles J.
A Very Satisfactory God..... 70

Gilmore, Louis
The Grand Duchess Receives (a play in one act) 191

Hearn, Lafcadio
The Physiology of Smells 216
The Chemise of Margarita Pareja.... 120

Jones, Howard Mumford
Arthur Symons and the Puritans..... 136

Jones, Llewellyn
Have We a Literary Capital?..... 96

Kennedy, Thomas
The Reticence of Caravan 84

Kilman, Julian
The Laugh 131

Kreymborg, Alfred
Paris Letter (August-September)..... 105
Italian Letter (November) 222
Italian Letter (December) 276

Litsey, Edwin Carlile
The White Calvary 9

Long, Haniel
The Ecstasy 25

Marks, Jeannette
Dragon (A Play in One Act)..... 54

McCullough, Henry
Precursors 264

McDougal, Mary Carmack
A Limousine Passes 24

Needham, Wilbur Laurence
Idolators 201

Nicholl, Louise Townsend
Smoke 147

Rascoe, Burton
Little Ironies of Literary Life..... 88

Reviews
A Miscellany of American Poetry..... 284
Anderson, Sherwood 42
A Recent Motley 169
Benson, E. F., The Dodo Saga..... 281
Corbin, Alice, "Red Earth"..... 285
Eldridge, Paul, "And The Sphinx Spoke" 173
Haldeman-Julius, Mr. and Mrs. E., "Dust" 113
Hopkins, Gerard, "A City in the Foreground" 284
Ives, Charles E.. "Concord, Mass., 1840-60" 166
Kreymborg, Alfred; plays..... 224
Le Gallienne, Richard, "The Junkman and Other Poems"..... 116
Linnankoski, Johannes; "The Song of the Blood Red Flower"..... 279
Marks, Jeannette, "Willow Pollen".... 174
O'Neill, Eugene, "The Emperor Jones" 112
Robertson, John W., "Edgar A. Poe, A Study" 171
Santayana, George, "Character and Opinion in the U. S."..... 115
Spadoni, Adriana, "The Noise of the World" 114

Page

"The Glass of Fashion" 231
Tiejens, Eunice, "Jake" 45
White, Edward Lucas, "Andivius Hedulio" 283
Wilde, Oscar, "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." 229

Rolt-Wheeler, Francis
The Story Writer Proposes..... 94

Solon, Israel
Ich Liebe Dich 185

Stanton, Gideon Townsend
A Book Hunter in New Orleans..... 101

Starrett, Vincent
Chicago Letter (July) 38
Chicago Letter (August-September)... 108
Little Tales of Mexico —
I How Felipe Looked Out of a Window 32
II How Rafael Carried His Head..... 158
The Passing of James Branch Cabell.. 203

Symons Arthur
On Cats and Clowns 67
On Some Violinists 217

Van Vechten, Carl
Follow the Car in Front 245
The Curse of Things 14
We Are Gathered at the Fountain.... 152

Van Vechten, Carl
Edgar Saltus: A Postcript 162

Weaver, John V. A.
New York Letter (December)..... 271
Serious Uses of the American Language 143

Yust, Walter
Edgar Lee Masters: An Interview.... 79

VERSE

Armfield, Maxwell
Battle 161

Bodenheim Maxwell
Dress-Model 251
Village-Clerk 251

Carrington Mary Coles
The Lost Comrade 190

Conkling, Grace Hazard
Seven Days 8

Corbin, Alice
Old Satan 210

Crane, Hart
Porphyro in Akron 53

Davidson, Gustav
Like Some North-Coast Adventurer of Old 13
Sanctuary 111

Deutsch, Babette
At Asahi 266
Measure 202
The Master 184

Page

Dresbach, Glenn Ward
Calm Near the Desert 135
Contradiction 135
White Sails Against the Morning.... 215

Dunsany, Lord
Songs of Al Shaldomir 238

Eldridge, Paul
The Rose 107

Gilmore, Louis
Agatha 165

Griffith William
Train Lost 117

Hardin Charlotte
Riders in the Dust 104

Hoyt, Helen Underwood
Mummy 69

Janvier, Carmelite
The Verdict 37

Laramore, Vivian Yeiser
Preference 263

Marks, Jeannette
The Railroad Station 31

McClellan, Walter
Arrangement in Black and Gold..... 99
Unquiet 275

McClure, John
A Ballad of Worldly Wise 28
Jazz 165

Mullins, Helene
Culture 142

North, Jessica Nelson
Hunger Inn 256

Rice, Cale Young
Cold 244

Sabel Marx G.
The Cynic Shamed 78

Saphier William
Idle Afternoon 83

Sapir, Edward
The Moon's Not Always Beautiful... 130
Upholding the World 221

Scheffauer, Ethel Talbot
The Tropic Screen 87

Sloan, J. Vandervoort
Life and Sleep 104

Straus, Noel
Dunsany—After the Tales 37

Symons, Arthur
Alvisi Contarini 270
The House 19

Ua Cinneidig, Robard Emmet
Transfiguration 146

Untermeyer, Jean Starr
Gothic 151

Williams, Oscar
A Bleak Day 157
Oblivion 93
Spirit of All Things 278
The Wind 41